

Inspektor Sue Sharp - Snippets

The Brentwood Society

<https://www.deviantart.com/thebrentwoodsociety>

2021

Inspektor Sue Sharp - Snippets

[Sue's Christmas Fantasy](#)

[A Moment in Sue's Possible Future](#)

[Ditzy's First Date](#)

[A Summertime Treat](#)

[Road Trip](#)

[Morning Routine 1 - Walkies](#)

[Morning Routine 2 – Breakfast](#)

[Morning Routine 3 – Shower Time](#)

[Overture to a Date Night](#)

[Trick-or-Treat](#)

Sue's Christmas Fantasy

Sue wasn't sure if it was the blizzard outside or the warm eggnog in her mug that was making her sentimental. It was probably a combination of both. It was Christmas Eve and she was alone by the window, wearing unflattering flannel pajamas and wrapped in the comforter from her bed, while she watched the snow fall. She'd had the chance to go to the annual Federal Bureau of Pettification's Holiday Party, Robert probably would have been there, but she'd used the weather as an excuse not to go.

"Merry Christmas..." She muttered and took another sip of eggnog. Unsurprisingly, Sue hadn't felt very festive, and she wasn't much of a cook, but she'd decided to take the time to make real eggnog just like her grandma used to. Of course, as a substitute for family or friends she quadrupled the amount of brandy in the recipe.

Her head was swimming after half a mug. She drank too much and too often, but she still got drunk too easily. She would have been a cheap date if she ever went on a date. The ghosts of happier Christmases past were blessedly drowned and that was all that mattered. Without that dead weight she could stare out into blinding snowfall and think about whatever she wanted.

A black van pulled into her building's parking lot. Despite its dark color, its bright headlights and red brake lights made it festive in her eyes. The snow was coming down so hard that the van's tire tracks seemed to disappear as fast as they could be made. Sue wiped the fog off the window and squinted. She recognized the logo on the side, a simple red dog paw with a white circle surrounding it. It was the FBP's "dog catchers" known officially as, "Service Animal Control." Their main job was picking up ComPets that had been seized because their owners were non-compliant with providing the pitifully low minimum living standards for them. Sue had worked with them a few times in that capacity. They were more famously known, however, for being in charge of capturing any Compulsory Pettification draftees who didn't report to the FBP on their appointed date.

The van rolled past her window and was soon out of her sight. Sue took another sip and shuddered. One way or another, someone was going to have a much more awful Christmas than her! The wind was howling so loud that she almost didn't hear the knock at the door. She furrowed her brow and padded across the floor towards the door, still wrapped in her blanket. There was a second, louder knock, followed by some shouting that she couldn't quite make out.

The door crashed open, shouting men in black poured inside along with the icy wind and snow. Sue screamed and fell back in surprise. Her cup flew out of her hand as she sprawled and the eggnog, which had thankfully cooled, splashed her across her face. Before she could even recover she felt strong hands grabbing her arms and legs and a voice boom, "Lisa Allison Morrison! You are in violation of your draft order! By the authority of the FBP we are taking you into custody for pettification!"

Sue was too stunned by the cold and sudden violence to respond to the outrageous claim.

"Restrain her, boys, and get her in a crate! If we hurry up we can still make the second half of the FBP party!"

Sue finally found her voice, "No!" She yelled and thrashed helplessly. "I'm not Lisa! I'm Sue Sharp! *Inspector*- Sue-Sharp! I work for the FBP too!"

The men laughed and the one who'd spoken earlier said, "I've heard some desperate crap in my day, but that's about the best! Muzzle her—come on hurry up!"

"You idiots!" Sue snarled. "Check my ID! Call my partner, detective—!" Sue was cut off as she felt hard, black, silicon against her lips. When she closed her mouth and tried to turn away, gloved hands roughly forced her back. She felt her nose pinched and her jaw squeezed until she opened with a gasp and the "knot" slipped in and filled her small mouth. Tears sprang to her eyes as she gagged when the bulbous thing skimmed her tonsils as the muzzle was buckled into place.

With the efficiency of a race car pit crew, the dog catchers bent Sue's arms and legs painfully in half and secured them with nylon straps. They flipped her over on her knees and elbows and laughed as she groaned and teetered uncertainly.

“Come on, dog! Move it!” One of them slapped her on the rump to urge her forward through the door of a hard plastic service animal carrier. Still off balance Sue fell face-forward into the carrier, striking the black leather panel on the front of the muzzle and forcing the knot deeper into her throat. Sue gagged as she was shoved roughly the rest of the way inside.

The door slammed behind her and she was tossed around as the dog catchers carried the crate out to their van. There was one last rough jolt as she was loaded. Then the engine roared to life and they drove off with her into the snowy night.

Once Sue had learned how to manage the knot filling her mouth and accepted that she was just going to have to drool, her fear had melted away and been replaced by pure rage. She was to make sure that everyone involved in what would no doubt be referred to as a “minor administrative glitch” fired. They could downplay it all they wanted, but she was going to raise hell until she got some justice. She was so angry that she ignored the nagging little voice in the back of her head which reminded her that the stance the FBP always took in such matters was, “The ComPet program is a flawless system. It doesn't make mistakes.”

There wasn't enough space in the carrier for Sue to turn around. She would have preferred to be facing the door when it finally opened. Instead, the first thing that the person or persons who had opened the door would have seen would be the backside of her pajama pants. Sue tensed as she felt strong hands hauling her out of the crate.

She squinted in the harsh light of the room as she was pulled out onto a cold metal table that hurt her knees and her elbows.

“Is this the last one for the night? I want to go to the party before they drink up the whole open bar!” A gruff man's voice asked.

“Yes, let’s pluck it and get it out of here! I got a date waiting for me!” Another man replied.

Sue tried to speak, but the knot made her choke. She looked up at the two men desperately, but they ignored her wide eyes and unintelligible noises. She reminded herself to be patient. They’d have to take the muzzle off sometime and then she’d explain.

“Hold it still!” The gruff man ordered.

She whimpered as she felt the cold metal of the shears against her skin and she heard the *snip* as they sliced through her pajamas—her most comfortable and snuggly set. She felt the heat of the lamp hanging above even as she shivered from the cold of the room. Sue shut her eyes and shook her head as she felt her panties being cut away. It was humiliating enough when she’d had to strip in front of Donna, having two men cut away her clothes was unbearable even before one of them reached down and squeezed her small breasts.

“Haha, look at these little, bitty teats! Not even a handful! I feel sorry for whoever gets her!” He squeezed harder. Sue tried to scream but she only succeeded in choking herself on the knot again. “Stop whining, bitch! Maybe if I squeeze them hard enough they’ll swell and then they won’t be so damn tiny!”

“Cut that out!” The gruff man snapped. “Don’t bruise it!”

“Alright, alright! Jeez, where’s your Christmas spirit?”

With similar efficiency to the dog catching crew, the two men unbuckled her “forelegs” and “hind legs.” Sue was past trying to be calm and explain herself. The moment she was free she tried to leap off the table, but she was held firm as they took the padded leather restraints from each corner of the table and shackled her wrists and ankles. Sue thrashed back and forth; fighting the restraints even though she knew full well that it was pointless having worn them before.

The man who'd squeezed her "teats" wrapped his arm around her bare midsection and held her still, while the other fixed a metal bar under her hips to prevent her from lowering her haunches.

The men checked the restraints to make sure they were secure, made a few notes and headed towards the door without a word to her. Sue knew the groomer would be coming in next. Her heart leapt. Donna loved her job. If there was one groomer who'd be willing to work on Christmas Eve it would be her.

Her hopes were shattered when she saw a dark haired, sour faced, middle aged woman come through the door followed by a young man in a lab coat. The woman lowered her face to meet Sue's and said sternly, "Listen here, pup. If little girls like you didn't try to run from their social responsibilities, then *I* and this nice young tech here could be spending this evening celebrating.. Instead, we're here taking care of errant little puppies like you! So, think about how selfish you are, and behave yourself while I get you ready."

Sue blinked back tears and strained against the restraints to try and point at the muzzle.

"No. It stays on, pup! You won't be talking like a person again for two years—at least two years. You might as well get used to it!"

Sue had hated Donna's playful, patronizing voice and somewhat, overly friendly touch the first time she'd been on a grooming table, but Sue quickly realized how much she missed the gentler approach. The new groomer's hands were cold as they were rough as she ran her fingers over Sue's hairless mound.

"Well, well, running from the draft, but we've already got nice and clean puppy parts! It's almost as if you were getting ready to be caught!"

Sue grimaced and tried to wiggle away, but the restraints and the bar under her hips kept her at the groomer's mercy.

“*And* your coat is already the standard length. Yes, I think someone *was* getting ready for this!” The woman tugged none-too-gently on Sue’s hair, brushed it harshly and then put it up into high “dog ears.”

“Oh, the boy’s forgot your glasses!” The groomer snatched, Sue’s frames from her face making her vision terribly blurry. “Dumb doggies don’t need glasses! No more reading or TV for you!” She gloated and tossed the frames into the garbage.

Sue squinted and grunted in frustration as she lost control of one more thing.

With the help of the tech to hold her, the groomer released each of Sue’s appendages from the restraints and slid the paw mittens onto each hand, and the paw slippers over her feet. They were dark, just a shade or two lighter than her hair with the typical pink pads on the bottoms of the paws. Her hands were forced into tight balls as the mittens were buckled and locked. The panic she felt the last time she’d been put into paw mittens was increased tenfold as she knew that unless she managed to say something, they wouldn’t be on her for just a few days. How would she wear them for two, or, as the groomer had darkly hinted, more years? Sue wondered as the groomer applied heart-shaped pads over her pointing, pink nipples.

“My, my…” the groomer flicked Sue’s stiff nipple, “it could be the cold, but I think this little pup is enjoying it!”

The tech chuckled.

“You’d think if she was just going to enjoy it this much she would have volunteered before she’d been drafted!”

The groomer made it a point to show Sue the plug on the end of the tail. She held the black tail by the tip and waved it back and forth like a cartoon hypnotist with a watch. Sue stared in disbelief. It wasn’t the “runt-sized” one that she’d gotten before. It was a full standard plug and it looked huge to her.

Sue shook her head frantically and tried to speak again. As before only gibberish managed to spill out from behind the muzzle.

“What’s that? You’re excited for your new tail? Great! All slutty, little puppies love their tails, so I guess I shouldn’t be surprised!”

As the groomer walked around behind her, Sue tugged frantically at the restraints and strained against the bar under her hips in a vain attempt to lower her backside. All the while a stream of unintelligible nonsense continued to emit from her muzzle.

The groomer gave Sue a stinging slap on her butt, making her be still for a moment. Then without hesitation she pressed the thoroughly lubed plug against Sue’s tight, little crinkled bud.

Sue screeched as the hard plug forced her open. She never would have believed that she’d miss the old plug as the huge intrusion stretched her and hurt her. She was panting and sweating as her muscles clenched around the invader. Sue never really “forgot” that the runt-sized plug was in her like Donna promised, but she did get used to its presence. She couldn’t imagine ever getting used to the full sized one! Yet, the feeling of fullness and the degradation of it made Sue feel funny. She reared up at the feel of the same cold, cruel fingers sliding along her slit.

“See, what did I tell you? The little animal is *wet!*” The groomer declared triumphantly as she affixed the c-string to the tail. Sue moaned. It couldn’t have been arousal. It couldn’t have been. Yet, she thought of all her dirty little fantasies when she was alone and she knew that it was.

The groomer turned to the tech. “Why don’t you take care of your part and then you can get out of here?”

“Great! Thanks!” The tech replied.

The tech approached Sue with something that looked like a hole-punch in one hand, and a kind of plastic apparatus that looked like a pricing gun. Sue’s eyes widened and she began to struggle again. She was going to be tagged and branded! If that happened, even when she finally did get a

chance to sort things out, she'd be stuck with the markings for the rest of her life!

The groomer held her steady as the tech approached. "Be still. You wouldn't want it to go on crooked!"

The hard plastic rested on Sue's left buttock for only a split second. Sue howled and choked herself on the knot as she felt her flesh burn.

"Oh, look at little miss drama queen over here!" The groomer held her tighter as the gun was placed against Sue's trembling belly.

She screamed again and felt her bladder release.

"Disgusting..." the groomer said with revulsion. "She's already acting like a dog that hasn't been housebroken yet..."

Sue was crying quietly, so intent on the horrible burning on her butt and belly and what that meant, that she gasped in surprise when they grabbed her head and the glorified hole-punch pressed against her ear.

The snapping sound was almost as awful as the pain.

Neither the tech nor the groomer made it a point to comfort her. After giving Sue a clinical once over, the tech gathered up his tools and said to the groomer, "Merry Christmas!" before going out the door.

"And a happy New Year!" the groomer called after him and then turned her attention back to Sue. "Well, now little Miss I'm too special to be a puppy girl...now you're just a number. Don't ever forget that!"

Sue whimpered pathetically. Even the worst times when she was undercover at the kennel, there was a part of her that knew it was only temporary. The physical pain was nothing compared to knowing that she was marked for life.

After buckling a standard black, leather collar around Sue's neck, the groomer placed the last piece of gear on her, a comically large set of pointy

black ears with pink insides, or perhaps they only seemed large because they were standard gear on a runt-sized pup.

The groomer picked up a remote and hit a few buttons. Sue suddenly got that uncanny feeling that someone was looking over her shoulder. Though she was expecting it, she tensed as she heard a strong mechanical voice inside her head, “Petsitter B-Series – Mark 1 online...Standby mode...” Then she heard the same voice only out loud. “Running equipment diagnostic...Reward...”

Sue braced and sucked on the knot as the nipple covers, c-string, and tail plug all vibrated at once. It felt so good! It was like a thousand tiny fingers massaging her most sensitive and private places. She shook happily and sucked harder in spite of all she’d been through and the disapproving stare of the groomer.

“Correction...” the voice said aloud.

The pleasure ceased and without a second in between a horrible shock ripped through her in all the same places, with the collar and the dog ears doing the same to add to her agony. Though the shock only lasted for a moment, she slumped over, nearly senseless. The last time the gear had been modified to be “less-intense.” The full fury of a standard “correction” made Sue *want* to behave. She wondered why a puppy girl would ever disobey with the threat of such an intense shock over her head all the time.

The groomer nodded in approval and wiped up the puddle of urine, taking care to clean up Sue while she was at it. All the while she muttered about what a disgusting and out of control animal Sue was. When she’d finished, the groomer unbuckled Sue’s muzzle and pulled it off. Sue’s skin under the panel was clammy. The drool that had been pooling in her mouth came out like a fountain and dribbled between Sue’s front paws.

“You are without a doubt that messiest puppy I have ever seen!” The groomer scolded and wiped up the puddle. “And just look at your snout!” She grabbed Sue’s chin and began to wipe that too. “It’s filthy!” She said at the dried eggnog Sue had spilled on herself during her capture.

When the groomer had finished cleaning her, Sue opened her mouth. She wanted to say everything that evening had been a mistake, but remembering the feeling of the full shock made her pause. She mouthed desperately, “Please, I’m Inspector Sue Sharp! This is a mistake!”

The groomer sneered at her, “What’s the girl? You’re ready to go? Well come on, we don’t want to keep everyone waiting now do we?” She pressed a button on the wall next to the door and a few moments later a ComPet handler in gray overalls showed up to take her.

Sue sobbed quietly as the groomer clipped a leash to her collar and the man in the overalls lifted her and placed her down on the floor. The groomer and the handler exchanged “Merry Christmases” and then Sue was led out of the room into the hallway.

Half-blind without her glasses and so lost in her misery, Sue didn’t pay attention to where she was going. All new ComPets went to the awful, tiny kennels in the basement of the building. What a way for her to spend Christmas!

To her surprise she found herself taken to an office with a row of large, brightly wrapped boxes each with holes punched in the sides. Several of the packages shifted a bit from side to side and she could hear whimpering and crying from some of them. Her ears perked up at a different sound. In the distance she could hear music and laughter. The FBP holiday party must have been happening nearby.

“I’ve got the last one for you!” The handler called to a pair of what looked like office workers. Both of whom were standing next to the only open box in the row. Sue’s hopes that they would be someone that would recognize her were dashed as she realized she didn’t know either the man or the woman.

“Wow, what a sorry little mess!” the woman exclaimed. “They were really scraping the bottom of the barrel weren’t they?”

“I know,” the man replied. “All these giveaways aren’t exactly purebreds! I guess that’s why they’re giveaways.”

Sue ignored the remarks and instead squinted at the door. The handler had left it open when he brought her inside. If she could just get off the leash and get away for a few minutes, maybe she could reach the party. She shuddered at the thought of scampering into the room on all fours. Everyone would see her. There'd be a chance though that she'd see Donna, Mr. Cross, or even Robert and they could save her from the whole mess.

The handler stood by, holding her leash as the two office workers set to "decorate" her starting with tying big red and green striped ribbons on her dog ears. Sue crossed her eyes and tried to look docile as they attached tiny silver "sleigh bells" to her nipple pads, to the tip of her tail, and to her collar. The woman wrote something on a small, red and green card in pen. Sue couldn't see the writing, but the woman taped it over the c-string, giving it a little pat to make sure it stuck.

"She seems pretty calm; can you take the leash off while we tie the bow around her neck?"

The handler nodded and unclipped the leash. Sue took the only chance she knew that she would have. Against all hope she darted for the open door. She only managed to get three strides before she felt a meaty hand grab her collar and pull her back.

"Well now!" The handler laughed. "Where do we think we're going, pup?"

The office workers laughed as he dragged her back and they finished putting a big red bow around her neck.

Defeated, Sue sobbed uncontrollably as they announced they were finished and she was hefted up again and set down inside the sturdy, open box. No one said anything to her as the top was put on, sealing her in near total darkness with the only light coming from the small air holes on either side of her new, temporary prison.

It was like being in a very localized earthquake. She was tossed about as the box was carried and loaded onto presumably some kind of vehicle. The ride

was bumpy and cold. Then she was roughly unloaded and dropped hard somewhere else. Somewhere that was blessedly warm.

Sue had been left in near total darkness and silence for what felt like an eternity. She tried not to think about all the gross, fat, and cruel owners she'd dealt with in her time doing ComPet welfare checks. The idea that one of them could do nearly *anything* to her filled her with fear and dread. The longer she was given to think, the more she thought about some smelly pig being her first.

Heavy footsteps outside the box told her someone was near. Her blood ran cold as she felt the box move and heard the sound of ripping paper. The top of the box opened and she shrunk to the floor and clenched her eyes shut. She whimpered fearfully as she felt a pair of strong, male hands lift her from the box as if she was nothing.

As she was lowered to the carpet her bells jingled merrily and little nose twitched at the scent of mint chewing gum. She opened her eyes and looked up to see Robert standing over her in his pajamas and bathrobe. A tall, twinkling Christmas tree was behind him.

The embarrassment of being back in puppy gear and at his feet was mitigated by the joy that she'd soon be out of it.

She raised a paw and pointed at her collar and mouthed, "Thank God it's you! Get this off!"

Even with blurry vision she could see that he was smiling at her. He didn't look the least bit surprised at seeing her either.

She pointed at the collar again, a little more emphatically.

Robert shook his head. "I know what you're thinking and the answer is, no. The collar and all the rest stay on too. For good."

Sue slowly dropped her paw and continued to stare up at him. Dread started to slowly creep in and bury her joy.

“Who do you think mixed-up the paperwork, silly girl?” Robert asked. “Well, I didn’t personally, but I had it arranged. I know this isn’t just what you want. It’s what you need. I’ve seen it for months. I knew you’d never have the courage to do it, so I had it done for you!”

Sue couldn’t believe her ears.

Robert reached down and flicked the bell on her collar, “I think I’ll call you Jingles, at least until I come up with something better. I have to have something to call you. Sue is a woman’s name...it’s not a name for cute, little doggy.”

Sue shook her head and mouthed, “No. Please. I don’t want this!”

Robert held up the remote. “Stop lying. Better, yet, stop trying to talk at all. Doggies don’t talk!”

Sue closed her mouth. She wasn’t lying. Was she?

“That’s better. I wouldn’t want to start our new relationship by punishing you. I’d much rather do this.” He pushed several buttons on the remote and Sue heard inside her head, “Good dog” as the nipple pads, c-string, and tail plug started vibrating intensely.

Sue gritted her teeth and tried to be still. She wouldn’t give him the satisfaction! But it was not long before a stray whimper escaped her lips. She began to rock back and forth as she trembled under the pleasurable onslaught. She felt herself climbing and climbing and climbing. She’d never been put into “in heat” mode. She’d just been given a few quick bursts of pleasure for good behavior a few times. Being put into heat was totally different. Her whining became louder as she lowered her face to the ground, raised her butt and started to wag her tail involuntarily.

“That’s right. Good doggy, Jingles!” Robert praised.

Instead of making her angry, his praise just made the tingling, burning, excitement between her legs all the more intense. He let her climb and

climb as her whines became louder and louder and more and more desperate and wretched.

Drool dripped down her chin as she panted and shook. The juices from her pulsing, needy puppy parts began to leak out of the sides of the c-string and down her thighs as the fierce vibrating continued.

She was moments away from having an orgasm at his feet and under his unmoving gaze when the buzzing stopped. Still shaking, she looked up at him with confusion and even a little hurt. How could he have stopped when she was so close?

Robert smirked and stepped around behind her.

“Eyes forward!” He commanded and Sue obeyed even though she knew what he was going to do to her, or *because* of what he was going to do to her.

She trembled as she heard him pulling his pants down and kneeling behind her. He reached down and took the card that the office woman had taped to her crotch and read it.

“Don’t open until Xmas...” He mumbled and then laughed. “Well, it’s Xmas!”

Sue could barely hear him through the haze of arousal.

He reached down and pulled off her c-string, exposing her twitching, grasping little slit. The bell on the tip jingled as Sue wagged her tail faster and faster. She yelped when Robert’s strong hands slapped down on both sides of her shaking hips.

“Bark for it, Jingles. Bark!”

Sue didn’t have to think, she just had to obey, and she did. She let out a series of frantic, high-pitched yips. She panted loudly between each bark as she let her tongue loll in and out of her open mouth.

“I think you can do better than that!”

Sue tensed as she felt Robert's thick, slick head against her silky, quivering opening. She whined piteously as she tried to press against him to force him inside of her, but Robert held her firm. Her pretense of dignity, resistance, and even her usual prudishness and anxiety had all melted away.

Her woeful entreaty seemed to have worked. Her eyes popped open as she felt him sliding inside of her, stretching her, and hurting her and pleasuring her with each motion. She reached out, trying to keep her face from being smashed into the carpet and to grip something to help endure the mixture of pain and pleasure passing through her whole tiny body. Her pawed hands offered no such relief, so she screwed her eyes shut and squealed loudly as it continued inch by inch, millimeter by millimeter.

Finally, she felt his pelvis resting against her. Sue felt so full—so overwhelmed. She wanted to move on it, to wiggle and play, but Robert kept her in an iron grip.

He bent down, his hard body rested against her soft back, and whispered in her ear, "Good puppy..." He praised, his lips and his hot breath tickled her and exited her as much as his approval. Robert slid slowly and gently out of her making her whimper again and struggle to move. He drove back inside of her faster and harder making her grunt. Then withdrew and drove in again. Slowly he built up rhythm and speed, driving into her, then almost pulling out of her, then driving into her again.

Sue gave up trying to hold herself up, she felt her cheek starting to get rug burn, but she didn't care. Robert pulled her hips back into him with each thrust, guiding her and keeping her under strict control. When he finally released her hips and took her little breasts in his hands Sue followed his guidance and pressed against his assault, keeping the same rhythm and pace he'd set for her.

Robert fondled and squeezed her breasts as he continued to ride her. He sunk down again, his sweaty skin sliding against her own glowing flesh, and praised her, "Good puppy...good puppy...you know, you're going to give me the most beautiful litters..."

Sue gave a start. It was all happening so fast. Wasn't she just sitting in her own chair, in her own pajamas, by the window in her own apartment? It hadn't even been a full day since she had been captured, tagged, and branded. She'd been stripped of her independence and dignity and was in the process of being stripped of her virginity. She was barely twenty-one and hadn't even considered being a mother. She didn't think she was ready, but it wasn't her decision to make.

She whimpered and tried to crawl away even as she was still moving her hips and her sloppy, grasping little hole still practically clung to him. Robert grabbed her shoulders and whispered, "Uh-uh, little puppy, you don't get to decide. *I* get to decide."

Something about his voice made her stop trying to get away. Instead she lowered her face back to the floor and opened and presented herself. Robert's thrusts became faster and harder and Sue responded by pressing back with as much force as she could muster.

Robert groaned and Sue felt a hot sticky explosion inside of her as she clenched down on his cock to milk every last drop of him. It was unlike any orgasm Sue had ever felt before. She shook violently and let loose a series of squeaks as Robert groaned again, but more loudly.

Sue's pajamas were discarded somewhere in the apartment. She didn't know where and she didn't care. Her brain was fuzzy from stimulation and too much eggnog. She lay flat on her back with her legs splayed apart, wrapped up in her comforter on her bed. Her slack, slick fingers still idly rubbed her swollen, tired little pussy as thoughts of Robert filling her with his "litters" still lingered on the surface of her pleasantly exhausted mind. She had a dumb, but contented open mouthed smile as her eyes began to droop. She'd done it three times in a row. She'd never done it three times in a row.

It wasn't a conventional Christmas Eve, at least not for her, but at least she'd managed to make her own fun.

Who the hell was knocking at the door? Was it Christmas day? Sue's eyes creaked open. She looked at the purplish light peaking through the mini-blinds of her bedroom window. The sun was barely up. Bleary eyed and trying not to taste her own mouth, Sue wrapped her blanket around herself and shuffled to the door. She didn't need to don pajamas just to yell at whoever had woken her up.

Without even bothering to look through the peephole she ripped the door open and shouted, "Who the hell..."

She stopped and almost dropped the blanket. Robert was standing in the knee deep snow. He had a small wrapped package in his hand with a festive bow on top.

"I..." Sue stopped.

"I tried to call first, but your phone was off. I guess I caught you at a bad time, huh?" He held out the package. "Look, you said you'd be alone on Christmas and I just wanted to give you this."

Sue awkwardly took the package and stared down at it. "Uh, thanks..."

"Well...Merry Christmas!" Robert said and turned to walk back to his car.

Sue watched him go, but something inside her made her call to him. "Wait! Look, why don't you come in for a drink or breakfast? Just, uh, give me a minute to throw something on, okay?"

Robert turned around. "You know, breakfast sounds good."

The End

A Moment in Sue's Possible Future

This is just an idea I'm toying around with for the Sue Sharp stories. I thought it might be interesting to provide little glimpses of where the characters might have been and where they might go. The idea seemed to be well-received on DA so I thought I'd post it here too. If this is something ya'll would enjoy please let me know by commenting below.

The training manual had stated in no uncertain terms that puppy girls were not to be given table scraps for their mental and physical well-being. Along the same lines, the manual also stated that they were to be fed only once in the morning and once in the evening. Though treats could be awarded for extra good behavior, or for the flawless performance of a trick, no mid-day meals were recommended. Many puppy girls had owners that would bend or even break the rules from time to time, but Sue—Bitsy—wasn't that lucky.

When Bitsy was thinking more clearly, Sue actually did think she was lucky to have someone as strict and unwavering as Robert—Master. She needed the structure and guidance he provided. She knew what happened when she was left in charge of herself...

Master had business downtown that Saturday and he'd been kind enough to take Bitsy along. Even if it was hard to keep up while she was down on all fours and the stares and usual questions from "clever" people like, "is she housebroken?" were beyond embarrassing, Bitsy went along happily. It was a lot better than spending the afternoon alone in her tiny crate by the clothes hamper forbidden to masturbate and slobbering on her well-chewed toys.

At noon, Master ducked into a small, puppy-friendly, Italian restaurant for a bite to eat. Bitsy loved Italian food. The delicious smells coming from the kitchen and the dining room made Bitsy's tummy rumble, but she reminded herself that she wasn't even going to get a taste let alone a bite. That recollection didn't stop the drool from starting to flow.

While Master chatted pleasantly with the staff and ordered his lunch, Bitsy stared longing at his glass of wine. She loved wine. She loved it too much in fact. It was one of the reasons why she needed his control and she knew it. Still, there was no harm in looking and smelling. She glanced down at her water dish—at least she was allowed to have that. When warm, fresh bread came to the table she took in the aroma and closed her eyes. Like the wine, she could almost taste it from the smell alone. She began to fantasize about Master feeding her even a tiny morsel and then allowing her to lick the butter from his finger tips. It made her shake with delight.

When the spaghetti and meatballs arrived, Bitsy almost lost control. She wanted to leap onto the table and gobble up the whole thing no matter what Master or anyone else in the restaurant would think, say, or do.

Master's voice cut through her naughty thoughts and brought her back to her senses, "Steady, Bitsy."

Bitsy realized she'd been leaning forward towards Master's plate. She felt her cheeks redden and she slowly sat back.

"People food is not for me!" she reminded herself of what he'd had to tell her again and again during meal times.

"That's my good girl..." Master patted her on the head and Bitsy felt herself calm.

She smiled as his fingers gently stroked her hair. Master's praise was so much better than a silly plate of spaghetti!

Ditzy's First Date



For those of you following the Sue Sharp Cases, think of this snippet as a little preview of what is to come.

It wasn't a dream, and it wasn't one of her dirty, little fantasies that she rubbed herself raw to nearly every night. Sue was actually kneeling like a

lowly dog by Robert's desk in the small office they shared. She was wearing nothing but the ridiculous, restricting pet "lingerie" her friend, Donna, had convinced her to buy. Donna had called it a "peace offering" to make up for a highly anticipated, but disastrous first date.

Sue's heart and mind were racing. What would Robert think when he came through the door? Would he like what he saw? Were the ruffles and lace embellishments too much? She wiggled her hips imagining him looking her over and smiling at her in the way he did when he thought no one else was looking. She chided herself for fantasizing in the middle of living out her fantasies.

Her eyes locked on the door handle as it started to turn. She sprang up into a squat, lewdly spread her "hind legs" and began to bounce perkily up and down. She lolled her tongue out from her gaping mouth as she panted loudly. She made her eyes "bright and brainless" the way she'd practiced alone in the mirror at least a hundred times. She felt so achy and needy in her "puppy parts," and for once she didn't feel guilty in the slightest. After all, what else could one expect from a silly little beast like her?

Then a horrible thought occurred to her. What if it wasn't Robert coming through the door? What if it was the janitor, or worse, one of their co-workers dropping something off after hours? The collar, the paw mittens on her hands and the paw slippers on her feet suddenly felt like they were getting tighter. She desperately wanted out of them. Even if it was Robert coming through the door, the whole thing was a stupid stunt. He wouldn't want her. He'd be disgusted by her. She just wanted to be at home with a glass of sangria and her vape where her perverted desires could stay safe and secret.

The latch clicked and the door slowly opened. Every millimeter the door swung seemed to last for an eternity. Sue was frozen in place—her mind blank. Then her eyes fell on Robert's tall, well-built form and she was suddenly so elated she forgot herself and all her doubts and let out a high-pitched bark to greet him. Clearly startled, Robert jumped a little, but he recovered quickly.

"What's all this?" He asked hesitantly.

Sue's cheeks colored. The tail attached to the bulbous plug in her rectum drooped between her legs. She timidly pointed with her nose to a handwritten note on the desk. Robert picked it up and read it aloud:

“Dear Robert,

Can we try again? If we do, don't take me to a fancy restaurant or out dancing this time. Just take me to a quiet, dog-friendly café and let me be with you.

Yours, Ditzzy”

Sue looked down at the floor. It was hard to express her feelings even on paper. It was even harder to have the person she cared about reading them aloud. Her feelings sounded so corny and stupid when they were spoken. There was no way he'd...

Her heart leaped when she felt the leash clip to her collar.

“Alright, girl, come on...I know a nice café you'll like.”

A Summertime Treat

Button was excited, and for once, not just sexually. Master was such a health nut that even if she were allowed to have “people food” she still most likely wouldn’t have been allowed junk food. Without exception, for months on end she’d eaten the same two meals of carefully measured puppy kibble every, single day. So, when Master told her that she was going to get a special, summer treat at the bark park, Button just knew it had to be ice cream!

Before they went out, Master took special care to slather any of her exposed skin in sunscreen. Given the scantiness of her puppy gear, he had to use quite a bit despite her small size. She shivered and wagged her “tail,” not just from the chill of the lotion, but from the feel of Master’s hands gliding over her bare back, the tops of her “hind legs” and “forelegs,” her rump, her belly, and her little “teats.” Even though he did her face as well, he plopped a pink gingham patterned doggy sunbonnet on her head to protect her scalp. As if that wasn’t ridiculous enough, it even had two holes in the top to accommodate her fake dog ears. She made a face as he tied the prominent bow under her chin.

If I wanted to cosplay as Laura Ingalls Wilder I would have joined a living history group...

“That’s enough pouting, Button. It’s for your own good and you know it.”

He was right. He was always right. He did take care of her better than she ever took care of herself. She’d gotten sunburns countless times before, but ever since she’d become his property, she hadn’t gotten so much as a little rosy due to his attentive care. Besides that, she didn’t want to ruin her chances at ice cream by acting up right before the walk, so she turned her frown into a smile and lolled her tongue like a happy little puppy.

“That’s better. That’s my good girl!”

Button leaned into his palm as he patted her and imagined how sweet her future treat would be.

The heat was intense and the sun was bright at the bark park that afternoon. Natural dogs and puppy girls alike romped around chasing balls, Frisbees, and each other. Owners casually waved and nodded at one another as they passed each other on the shaded walking paths. Some paused to make small talk while their pets “socialized” by sniffing at each other’s faces and hind quarters. Master seemed to be on a mission and kept the walk going, which was just fine with Button. She hadn’t quite warmed up to greeting and being greeted yet, especially on hot, muggy days!

Panting and sweating, Button scampered along, making sure to stay at Master’s heel just like she’d been trained. He was so casual and dignified in his stride while he held the leash that guided her. Despite how much she disliked the heat and getting sweaty and smelly, a part of Button enjoyed the fact that by looking and sounding so pathetic by his side, somehow she elevated him. The realization always made her feel all squirmy inside.

They’d been walking for what felt like an hour. Master always walked her further than she liked, but if she whined he would have told her that it was for her “own good, “ and he was, once again, probably right. Button began to wonder if she was going to get her treat at all, but finally she felt the familiar, guiding tug on her leash taking her away from the familiar path to a spot in the park she’d never seen before. There was a small stand under a nice shady awning with a sign over it. Button’s heart leaped when she read the words, “Doggy Delights – Ice Cream and Treats.” Even though she was so hot and miserable, her tail seemed to wag on its own. She had been right; she was getting ice cream!

The line in front was made up of an equal mixture of natural dogs and their owners and puppy girls and their owners, but Button was too busy watching the woman behind the counter handing out the treats to think about who was in line and who wasn’t. Her eyes locked on each treat being handed out. Her mouth watered in anticipation as she saw cones and cups piled high with ice cream of seemingly every flavor. Would Master let her choose her own flavor? She guessed not, but she couldn’t help but imagine the privilege.

Finally, their turn came. Small and down on all fours as she was, once they were at the counter, Button could no longer see the menu, which only made her shake more with anticipation. What would Master get her? Would it be a scoop of rocky road on a waffle cone? A dish of strawberry? Two scoops of cookie dough on a sugar cone?

Get a hold of yourself! It's just ice cream! Yet, her mouth continued to water, her little tail continued to wag, and her excitement continued to build.

“Hey there, I'll take one, heck, make it two scoops of pineapple sorbet. And she'll have a puppy popper.”

“Yes, sir,” the woman replied, rummaged around behind the counter, and then handed him a bag a few moments later.

After paying, Master led her to a bench in a shady spot and sat down.

What's in the bag? What's in the bag?

After agonizing seconds he took a small dish of sorbet and a spoon from the bag and took a bite.

“Mmm, that's good!” He exclaimed.

Button sniffed at the bag and gave him a sideways look.

Come on. It's not funny anymore!

“Oh, is someone excited for her treat?”

Button knew that there was only one appropriate response to the question. She popped up onto her hind legs, spread them wide, and began to beg, her paws and teats bouncing as she shook and whined pathetically while she allowed the drool she was usually careful to hold back to escape from the corners of her mouth.

Master chuckled. “I'll take that as a ‘yes.’”

He took one more bite of his sorbet, savored it, and then reached into the bag and pulled out what looked like a clear pop sickle on a wooden stick at first. Button stopped bouncing and cocked her head to the side as she examined it. It only took a moment's scrutiny for her to realize that it wasn't shaped like a typical pop sickle. In fact, it looked more like a male dog's...knot.

Even though she was disappointed that she wasn't getting proper ice cream, and more than a bit annoyed at the shape of the "puppy popper," she was hot and thirsty and it looked delightfully cold and wet. Since it was clear, she wondered what the flavor would be. She renewed her begging, this time sticking out her tongue that she might catch the droplets coming off of it.

"Ah, ah, ah." Master pulled the treat back. "It's not flavored yet, Button."

She paused again in mid-bounced and looked up at him quizzically.

"Face down, present, Button!" Master commanded.

Daily drilling made her less hesitant in following commands. Before her mind was allowed to start to discern what was about to happen, she'd already gotten into position. Her nose was to the warm concrete, while her scrawny behind was to the sky. The moment she was down, she felt Master's shoe on her leash, pinning her down a moment before she felt the c-string that covered, and often stimulated, her puppy parts being pulled away. Exposed to the warm air and to the view of anyone watching she felt herself twitch.

"Just as I suspected," she heard Master say, his fingers not quite touching her smooth, swollen lips. "You're way overheated. Let's kill two birds with one stone, eh?"

Button turned her head as far as she could, the lacy edge of the sunbonnet made it hard for her to see her periphery. She tensed as she saw Master bringing the "puppy popper" towards her gapping entrance. She whined loudly and strained against the leash, but to no avail.

Her shrieks were still animal-like enough not to set off her shock collar, but they had the effect of attracting the attention of multiple owners and their pets. The moment the ice touched her sultry lips her whole body went rigid and she reflexively clenched to keep the freezing thing out of her, which like her struggles against the leash were to no avail. The terrible coldness continued to slide up her tight, well-greased, over-heated opening.

She heard one of the other puppy girl owners laugh. “Her first time with a popper?” Robert must have nodded to the man in response. “Thought so. Don’t worry about her. I think my pup made twice as much noise!”

“Is that really good for them?” She heard a woman ask.

“Oh, yes,” she heard another man respond. “Puppy girls get so hot this time of year that they really love it. And besides that, you know how puppy girls are with knots!”

“Well, yes, I suppose so...”

Button gritted her teeth as Master continued to push the thing inside of her. The iciness penetrated her depths making her whole body shiver despite the temperature.

“That’s my girl...” Master cooed, calming her despite all the people watching and talking about her making her feel more than a little distress.

Master’s voice guided her mind like the leash had guided her body. She felt her own hot wetness mingling with the cold wetness of her treat. It began to slide in and out of her and she began to relax and whimper.

“That’s right. Enjoy your treat. That’s why we came here.”

Button relaxed herself and took it inside, but it was Master’s voice—Master’s command—that allowed her to finally release—to “make cummies.” Her senses were overloaded and for a moment she was lost in clenching, and straining, barking and whining. Finally, the thing iciness withdrew from her feverish place, and Button slowly came back to her senses.

Master's foot was no longer on her leash, so she gingerly sat up. The people gawkers were gone and the popper had melted significantly, but there was still enough left to "enjoy." Master held it in front of her slightly open mouth.

"It's flavored now. You may have it," he said with a devilish smile.

Button had been made to taste herself plenty of times. Master always insisted she "clean up her mess" after he mated her or even just fingered her. It wasn't something she particularly enjoyed, but a part of her liked it because it made her feel more like a dirty, little dog.

And I am a dirty little dog. And a dirty little dog likes to taste herself so...

While Master enjoyed his last few bites of sorbet, she sucked and licked busily at her Button-flavored puppy popper. It wasn't how she'd imagined her day turning out, but things seldom turned out like she thought they would—whether she was on two legs or four. At least with Master always keeping her guessing her life as a domesticated little pet wasn't boring!

Road Trip



Button gave Master her best “puppy dog eyes” and her most pathetic whine even though she knew it was pointless. Master smiled down at her as a man might smile down at a—well—at a dog. The look was a mixture of pity and assurance, but most importantly it was a loving look. Despite her efforts, Master’s strong hand still held firm on the back of her head, his fingers intermingling with her short, raven colored hair that still smelled faintly of doggy shampoo. In his other hand he held the object of her scruples. It was a light brown, leather muzzle with a shiny, jingling brass buckle.

“Don’t be difficult Button.” Master’s voice was quiet and calm, but she felt the force of his words underneath. She knew not to test him, and yet she often did, sometimes even when she didn’t really want to. She couldn’t explain why.

She stuck out her bottom lip and whined louder. She bounced once on her knees to emphasize her displeasure making her small, milky white teats jiggle ever so slightly.

“I don’t make the laws, Button, but I do follow them. ‘All puppy girls have to be secured in a carrier and muzzled while traveling in a moving motor vehicle.’” He explained patiently.

What idiot thought of that? Probably no one who ever had to wear a muzzle for hours on end! Do they even know how stale the drool gets?

Of course, they didn’t.

It wasn’t just the discomfort that made her not want to wear it. Button had learned to associate the muzzle with being punished for being bad. You got put in the muzzle for growling and nipping at other puppies at the park even though they wouldn’t stop sniffing at your backside. You got put in the muzzle for barking at a blonde bimbo who was flirting with Master.

Master gave her head a little shake. “Look, Button,” he said, and flipped the muzzle over so she could see what was on the inside.

Her eyes crossed a little and she felt butterflies in her stomach. It was a facsimile of something she'd gotten very well acquainted with over the previous few months. It was a mold of Master. Her mouth popped open without any further urging from Master.

He smiled. That time is with pride. "That's my good girl!" He praised and ruffled the pointy, clip-on dog ears she wore on top of her head.

Button felt herself swelling between her hind legs from the praise and the anticipation of what was to come. When the smooth head touched her tongue, Button gave a start. She was amazed how they had managed to infuse his taste and his scent into the thing. She could still tell the difference between it and the real thing, the real thing was warm for one, but it would definitely be the next best thing.

Her heart beat faster and her panting increased as Master slid the mold into her eager, willing mouth. She reminded herself to relax and to swallow it as it came. She was getting better at handling him, but she still needed a lot of practice before she'd be as good as the other puppy girls. When the panel of the muzzle touched her lips, and the whole length was inside her mouth, she closed her eyes and tried not to choke as the head tickled her tonsils. She tried and failed. Panic welled up inside her as she gagged.

"Relax, Button." Master's voice was soothing, making the fear subside.

While breathing through her nose and keeping her tear blurred eyes on him, she began to suck on the silicon, a bit embarrassed to see that it had pacified her so, but too relaxed to care.

With her rhythm found, she was in a daze as Master guided her into the cramped little carrier. The small air holes on the sides and the little wire mesh door were her only means to look out. Before closing her up in the back of his SUV, Master tapped on the carrier's door to get her attention.

"You can have fun with that on the trip, but that doesn't mean you get to play without supervision."

Button's brown eyes went wide. He couldn't be serious.

Eh...he's always serious.

“That’s right. No playing! And don’t think I won’t know. You’re so squeaky I’ll probably be able to hear you over the road noise and the radio no matter how quiet you think you’re being. And just to be extra sure, I’ll smell your paws when we get to the lake, so don’t even think about it unless you want to start our vacation off with a bright red tail instead of a good, old-fashioned mating!”

Button took a deep breath. She supposed that she could manage that, even it would be hard to keep her padded, plush paws off herself. Then, to her horror, Master held up the remote that controlled, among other things, the vibrator nestled between her legs.

She shook her head frantically, and then the buzzing and vibrating began. Pleasure surged through her like an electrical current. Button fought the urge to reach back and rub herself, and instead merely humped the air in a vain attempt to make the awful neediness go away.

“That’s my girl!” Master chimed. “Just think of this as a few hours of foreplay. I’ll sure you’ll be ready for the ‘knot’ by then!”

The door closed and the car started. Only a minute or so into the journey and Button didn’t know how much more she could bear, but she would bear it.

She would.

Morning Routine 1 - Walkies

After the nice response I got from the journal entry “A Moment in Sue’s Possible Future” and the caption “Ditzy’s First Date,” I decided that I would try writing additional small stories about Sue and Robert’s life together after Sue becomes his house pet. In the future, I intend to jump back and forth between the main cases and these snippets.

Please note that certain details are subject to change. For instance, in the first blurb Sue had been renamed “Bitsy,” but in this first snippet I’ve decided Robert would have named her “Button” after Robert described her as “cute as a button” in the third case, and for other reasons that will become apparent later.

Enjoy!

Special thanks to Flydeath95 for allowing me to use Princess and Joey in this snippet!

Sue—Button—had never been a morning person, but Robert—Master—was. That meant that she was either going to become a morning person, or rather a morning pet, or suffer. Button scrunched up her eyes and whined when the kitchen light flipped on. For the time being, Button had chosen to suffer.

She shifted on the fuzzy, white kennel mat and stretched carefully so as to not hit the narrow metal bars of the crate. She was still getting used to the tight, light brown paw-mittens on her hands and the equally constricting paw slippers on her feet, which further limited her stretch. After letting out another long whine at the apex of her abbreviated stretch, Button sat up slowly so as not to hit her head on the crate’s ceiling.

Master stood in the doorway of the kitchen drinking out of a blender bottle and watching her. He wore gray shorts and a sweat dampened, white t-shirt. Even dressed down like he was, unshaven, and with his dark, blond hair

mussed in all directions, Button couldn't help but think he looked handsome. Even though it had only been eight hours since she'd last seen him, and she knew that it was pathetic, she missed him. Button thought it was terribly unfair that Master crated her at night instead of allowing her to cuddle in the bed with him, but he always did everything by the book. As he'd explained it, being allowed on the furniture would only confuse and spoil her. Unfair or not, she still missed him, and what's more, she needed to pee. So, instead of dwelling on things she couldn't control, she began to pant loudly and shake her behind making the light brown tail attached to the bulbous plug crammed into her tight rectum wag back and forth.

“Good morning, Button!” Master chimed. “Time for walkies!”

Button felt a tingling beneath the light brown c-string that covered her crotch. Her “puppy parts” often were set off by the strangest things. Master had only recently started using such cutesy words with her after she'd made the mistake of confessing to him in one of the rare times she was allowed to speak that the more he talked down to her, the more turned on she got. She hated how much she loved him to disregard her intelligence. She wagged her tail a little bit faster.

Master unhooked the simple latch on the crate. She could have easily let herself out if her hands weren't trapped in silly padded paws. It was just one of many simple things she could no longer do. It was hard for her to accept at times, but the helpless feeling she got whenever she became aware of how dependent she was on him also set off her “puppy parts” just as much as patronizing language. She wagged her tail just a little faster.

“Out, Button! Come on!” He urged with a light tap on the top of the crate.

After eight hours of being cooped up in “puppy-jail,” Button didn't need to hear the command twice. She darted out the open door and reveled in the exhilaration of freedom. The feeling was short lived, however. The moment her head cleared the opening, she felt the leash clip onto her black, leather collar. The sudden pressure of the stiff, unyielding leather collar against her throat when Master gave her a gentle, guiding tug made her hips wiggle again. The feeling of him in control was just as exhilarating; in fact, it was much, much better than a fleeting moment of independence.

Button sniffed at Master. She would have known that he'd already exercised with her eyes closed. She'd never really liked sweat or strong smells, but she reminded herself that a dirty little dog did, so that meant she did.

I am a dirty dog...I am a dirty dog...she repeated in her mind over and over as she sniffed anxiously at his leg. Maybe it was just because she spent most of her time at that level, but she liked it when Master wore shorts. She liked to stare at his pronounced, muscular calves and feel the prickle of his leg hairs against her nose.

Perhaps those wig-wearing, 18th century ladies were onto something when they talked about men's "handsome legs."

Button tried to be subtle as she slowly sat up, gliding her dainty "snout" along his long leg towards his crotch. She inhaled deeply and drew in his musk.

Her nose was pressed to the top of his thigh when Master tugged on her leash and scolded her, "No, Button, bad dog!"

Button scrunched down on the floor and whined submissively. It was just another thing that she didn't think was fair. Master was the one who decided where and when and how they'd "play." In fact, Master decided where and when and how she'd "play" on her own too. Then again, she knew that if she were left to her own devices she'd probably—definitely—rub herself raw. So, it was probably just as well that Master was in charge of that too.

The click of nails against the kitchen's tile floor announced the arrival of Master's first dog, Zeus. He paused just inside the doorway looking almost stately before sauntering across the kitchen to Button. He was a huge, fawn-colored English Mastiff nearly three times Button's weight. Even when Button was Sue, and she was standing on two legs, Zeus came up to well above her waist. While she was on all fours he towered over her, which was more than a little intimidating. His black, wrinkled face was fairly unexpressive and his eyes seemed almost bored and, if Button had to put a name to it, judgmental.

Button braced herself for Zeus' usual "good morning." His wide slobbery tongue slid across her whole face making her shiver in disgust.

When she didn't immediately reciprocate, Button felt another light tug on the leash. "Say 'good morning,' Button!" Master reminded.

Button sighed inwardly and gave a quick lick to Zeus' snout, the taste making her shiver again. She felt a hair on her tongue and spat several times to flick it away. Master gave her a stern look.

"Don't be rude, Button."

She stopped spitting. The hair was off her tongue anyway. All things considered, she was just happy that she didn't have to "greet" Zeus like she had to greet other puppy girls.

As the three of them headed for the front door, Button could feel the pressure in her bladder building. Though she was only fed twice a day, she was allowed as much water as she wanted. At night when she got lonely for Master, or simply whenever she was bored, which was often, she would suck on the mold of him attached to the end of her water bottle and imagine he was praising her. It was fun while she did it, but in the end she just ended up frustrated and with a painfully full bladder by morning.

Master was just about to put the leash on Zeus when his phone rang.

Is there another man on the planet still using a song for his ringtone? And a Nickelback song?

Thankfully, the song only got as far as "Look at this photograph..." when the Master answered.

"Jericho. Yeah, yeah...No, I'm still at home—I was just about to take the dogs out...No, it's no problem. Hold on a sec..." He held the phone to his chest and pointed at Button before ordering her to "Stay." Then put the leash handle in front of Zeus' mouth and said, "Hold." The dog bit the handle and held it in his teeth. "Watch her, Zeus." Master put the phone back to his ear and walked away.

Button looked longingly after Master and then warily at Zeus who was watching her keenly. Somehow, despite him being a real dog, Zeus managed to maintain an air of dignity and authority that made Button feel ridiculous by comparison. He sat there next to her like he was carved out marble while she bounced awkwardly because of her full bladder. Zeus narrowed his eyes at her. He bared his teeth ever so slightly and let out a low growl. Button's eyes went wide and she quickly became still.

Zeus never had patience for her "nonsense." After having been supervised by him many times, Button was confident that Zeus would never actually hurt her. Then again she'd probably never find out since all it took most of the time was his stony gaze to immediately make her kowtow to his authority.

Fortunately, Master soon returned. He took her leash handle back and clipped another leash onto Zeus' collar. "Did she behave?" He asked Zeus.

Zeus yawned.

Liar, I was a perfect angel!

The crisp air made Button shiver as she crossed the threshold into the clear, spring morning. Zeus trotted by Master's right side with his head up, looking almost like a thoroughbred horse, while Button scrambled and stumbled by Master's left side doing everything she could just to keep up with both of them.

She was panting and sweating when Master stopped at the crossroads. She stopped the moment he stopped. It wasn't just because she was tired and grateful for a momentary break. She was learning to follow his guidance and anticipate when she needed to go and when she needed to stop simply by the change in the tautness of the leash.

Normally they went to the right along a secluded path, but to her surprise, and dread, Master guided her left to what Button knew would be a fairly busy path with lots of foot traffic. Despite the pain in her bladder, and knowing better, she whined and strained against the leash.

“Heel, Button!” Master commanded and gave the leash a gentle tug.

Hearing the order she immediately jumped to his heel without a thought. All she had to do was follow. Button focused most of her attention on his heel as they stepped out onto the sidewalk. It wasn't new to her to be around people. During her short introductory course at obedience school she'd met lots of people and other puppy girls. Even there she found it embarrassing when all attention was on her. It was much worse on the street in a suburb where puppy girls weren't that common. She tried to block out the looks, the remarks, and the obvious pictures being snapped of her. She wished Master would tell them to put their phones away, but he never did.

They arrived at one of the “puppy potties,” which were stations that had been setup for ComPets and voluntary pets like her to relieve themselves outside like proper animals, but without leaving a mess. The station was a simple patch of unnaturally green, fake grass. Next to the patch there was a metal pipe coming out of the ground with a short, rubber hose attached that ended in a simple brass-colored spray nozzle. The pet was expected to squat in the middle of the patch, do her business, and then be cleaned off by her owner with the hose. Then the owner would press a button on top of the pipe, after the pet was clear, and the patch of grass would flip, dumping the waste into the sewer below and presenting the freshly sanitized opposite side for the next pet.

Zeus trotted over to the pipe and lifted his leg. Unlike Button, he didn't have to wait for Master's permission. When he'd finished he returned to Master's side.

“Your turn, Button,” Master said with a gentle pull towards the station, “time to make your piddles and your plops.” Several passersby had stopped to watch. They chuckled at Master's command.

Why does he have to call it that? Oh, God...I can't do this in front of all these people!

When they took the path to the right, she'd always been able to use a relatively private station. If even one person was simply walking by she found it difficult, if not impossible, to go. There were four people actively

watching her. She couldn't hear them, but she could tell they were talking about her.

“Hey, Robert, long time no see!”

A man around Master's age smiled and waved as he approached. He was fairly trim, tall, but not as tall as Master, with black hair and brown eyes. To his right there was a dark-haired puppy girl crawling at the end of a leash with generous slack. Button did a double-take as she recognized them both from one of the first, and most-memorable pet welfare checks she'd performed.

The owner's name was Joey Hartmann. He had named the puppy girl, Princess—which was appropriate, because Joey spoiled her like one. Sue had never seen an owner so smitten and so genuinely lenient. It was, in fact, the only inspection where she'd had to cite rules about maintaining the ComPet minimum standards of discipline.

It was clear that Joey was still a doting owner. He walked slowly giving Princess ample time to keep up with him. She was dressed in very expensive looking, white pet gear. The cuffs of the paw mittens and the tops of the leggings attached to the paw slippers were both trimmed with ample, white ruffles. A matching, ruffle-trimmed corset cinched her already tiny waist and made her large, hanging “teats” seem even bigger. While the corset looked very tight, Princess didn't seem to mind. Her unusual, violet eyes and open mouthed, drooly smile were as bright as the jingling from the bell attached to the wide, white collar around her neck.

Master and Joey shook hands.

“It must be two years!” Master exclaimed. “How have you been?”

Button listened to them talk. Apparently Joey and Master had been good friends in college, but they'd lost touch for a while. After a few exchanges about what they were up to, the conversation quickly turned to the animals.

“And who is this?” Master asked, pointing to Princess.

Without waiting for Joey to introduce her, Princess perched up on her hind legs and barked.

Both men laughed. “Oh, this is Princess. I’ve had her for nearly two years.”

Master offered his hand to her. She sniffed it and licked it. Button felt a pang of jealousy well up in her small chest. She didn’t care if the other puppy girl was just “saying hello.” She didn’t like any other girls; whether they walked on two legs or four, touching her Master.

“You still have Zeus I see.” Joey said. “Who is this?” He motioned to Button as he scratched Princess’ ear.

“This is Button.” Master patted her head.

Joey offered his hand to her.

Button looked at Master and he nodded down to her. “Manners, Button,” he mumbled.

Timidly, she licked Joey’s hand, but she kept her gaze on Master. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Princess and Zeus exchanging licks across their snouts.

“Princess!” Joey exclaimed, but didn’t make any effort to restrain her. “I’m sorry,” he said to Master. “She loves meeting new people and pets...”

Master shook his head and smiled. “Don’t worry about it! She’s just being friendly!”

Button’s jaw dropped open. Master would have never allowed her to act that way! If she’d even started acting so wildly she would have at least gotten a scolding if not a swat on the behind!

Joey showed no signs of controlling Princess as the perky puppy turned her attention to Button. Button felt a slobbery tongue slide across her face for the second time that morning. At least Zeus had the restraint and dignity to only do it once. In fact, he had an expression akin to revulsion as he watched Princess lick and lick and Button cringe and gasp. She recoiled

from Princess' busy, flicking tongue only to feel Master's strong hand behind her head blocking any escape.

"Manners, Button," he repeated.

Trying to lick back would have been like trying to get a word in during a conversation with an extreme extrovert on their fifth cup of coffee. Only then did Joey finally take a little owner's initiative.

"Okay, Princess, okay! Let Button say, 'hello' now!"

Princess whined and pouted, but she stopped licking. Button sighed. She was thankful for a moment to breathe. She stretched up just a little. Unlike most other puppy girls, Princess wasn't that much bigger than her. Button parted her lips and stuck out her little pink tongue, then licked Princess across her pale cheek once before sitting back on her haunches with another sigh.

"Wow, what a difference!" Joey remarked.

Master smirked and patted her head. "Button is a little shy as you can see."

Princess cocked her head to the side and looked confused at Button's reserved nature, or maybe it was a look of recognition in her wide eyes. Button couldn't know for sure, but she felt her blush flare back up at the mere thought of being recognized. The last time they were eye to eye, she'd had rubber gloves on and was checking the skittish, new puppy girl's teeth for signs of neglect. Finding herself on the same level as Princess, or just below it, gave Button a whole range of feelings all at the same time.

Master's light tug on the leash along with a "stand" command pulled Button from resting on her haunches to all fours. Princess darted behind Button with a yip and buried her face in Button's newly presented crotch. It was really the second part of saying "hello" that Button loathed. She grimaced at Princess' lapping, whisking tongue and hot, rapid breath on the sensitive skin of the inside of her thighs and around the c-string.

Before Master had to say it, she thought it.

Manners, Button...

She turned her head reluctantly to the side to face Princess' wagging, fluffy white tail. A pleasurable shudder went through her as her new acquaintance's tongue continued to slurp at what had been her most private places.

The sooner you do it, the sooner it'll be over...

She didn't even have to get close to notice that Joey hadn't followed the recommendation she'd made to stop putting Princess into "in heat" mode so much. Clearly he'd already been running the vibrator nestled on the inside of her c-string that morning. Princess' arousal was quite pungent and her juices had escaped the edges of the c-string and started to run down the inside of her thighs.

Come on...you don't want to embarrass Master do you?

She closed her eyes and gave Princess a quick touch with her own moist tongue. She gagged a little as the taste of Princess' sap and sweat washed over her taste buds.

Only hearing Master say, "Good girl," made her keep licking. After a few swipes she pulled her face away and looked up at Master with imploring, puppy-dog eyes.

"Okay, Button," he said after several long moments. "That's enough. Come on!" Master guided her onto the station out of the reach of Princess' friendly snout. "You don't mind her going first do you?" He asked Joey.

"Go ahead. You were here first!" Joey replied.

The sudden sensation of Master pulling out her tail plug made her jump. Her rectum muscles protested and clung to the intruder as he eased it out of her making her moan weakly. He handed her tail and the attached c-string to Zeus. He held it in his teeth by the tail end. Button suddenly felt more exposed than ever, and she was worried that everyone would see that she

was more swollen and wet than she should have been after Princess' greeting.

Button closed her eyes and tried not to think about everyone that was watching her, the gawkers with their phones, Joey, Princess, Master, even Zeus. She took a deep breath and squatted, taking care to spread her hind legs apart so she wouldn't wet her back paws. Master hated when she did that. Even though her bladder was painfully full, she just couldn't go. She shifted and tried to imagine that she was by herself, in a bathroom with the door locked and sitting on a toilet like a human. She furrowed her brow.

That's not right...I'm not a person. I'm just a dog. Dogs don't get to use toilets like people. Dogs make their "piddles" and "plops" outside. So, I make my "piddles" and "plops" outside...

"Hey, uh, I don't want to be that guy, but I have to get Princess home so I can go to work..." Joey said apologetically.

Button opened her eyes. She met Princess' gaze, and for a moment the cheerful emptiness seemed to be replaced with a brief flash of mischief. During the welfare check, she'd remembered quietly coaxing Princess to pee in a sample cup and becoming frustrated with the puppy girl's shyness.

"Is she not housebroken yet?" Joey asked.

Oh, God, I want to die...

"Not entirely, no, but she's learning quickly. She's having accidents about half as often as when I first brought her home."

Button felt like she really was going to die as Master candidly discussed her "potty habits." She strained again, but nothing would come out. She started to tear up and sob. She was so frustrated with herself! She wasn't even embarrassed that the people were watching anymore. She was embarrassed that she couldn't just be a good doggy for Master and "make piddle."

"I think we need a little extra encouragement..." Master knelt down beside her. His strong hand brushed her belly and then pressed in to palpate her

bladder. He whispered in her ear letting his lips brush her skin, “Come on, Button. You can do it. Be my brave little puppy. Go on...”

Button felt herself relax from his touch and his words. She didn't need to imagine that no one else was watching. Master telling her she could do it was all she needed. She whined as a warm puddle began to grow beneath her.

“Who's my brave girl?” He stroked her head. “Good girl, Button! Good girl!”

The water from the hose was cold on her nether regions, but she presented herself for cleaning obediently, feeling like she could handle anything at that moment. The feeling lasted through having the plug returned to her tight back entrance. After she was put back together, Button licked Master's hand gratefully.

While Princess did her business quickly and without the same drama, Master and Joey exchanged updated numbers. They briefly discussed scheduling a play date for “the pups” and then they parted ways. Button wasn't thrilled by the idea of a play date. Though she knew they were likely going to be part of her future as a puppy girl one way or another, so she figured she might as well get used to the idea.

“Don't sulk, Button.” Master chuckled as they made their way back home. “I think Princess could be a good influence on you...” He added, “for some things anyway...”

Morning Routine 2 – Breakfast

While Button was very happy to have the opportunity to stretch after eight long hours in her tiny crate, she was still grateful when “walkies” were over and she was back inside the house, away from the caresses of the chilly morning air and the gazes of the remorseless gawkers. While Master kicked off his shoes and unclipped Zeus’ leash, Button caught her breath and mopped sweat from her forehead with her fuzzy paw mitten. Zeus moseyed past her and into the living room with his nose up in the air.

Well, la-di-da, lord Zeus! Button mocked him silently as he passed, but she made certain to wait to do it until his back was to her.

She inhaled sharply when Master tugged the leash and gave her a pat on the behind. The feel of his rough, hard palm against her soft skin and the sudden pressure of the collar against her throat made her tail wag instantly. Ever since she’d started dwelling on her formally private, dirty little desires, she had become so easy to set off and manipulate. All he had to do was touch her, it didn’t matter where or how, and her mind instantly became entirely focused on what was happening between her “hind” legs.

“Come on, girl! We’ve got to make breakfast,” Master announced, and she eagerly followed.

He led her to the kitchen counter and then looped the handle of her leash over a hook anchored to the wall. The hook was just out of her feeble reach, she knew this because she’d tried more than once to get to it, so the simple device was very effective at keeping her right where she was. Not that she really wanted to be anywhere else. She liked being at Master’s feet in general and she liked watching him cook. Even if she didn’t get to eat it, the bacon and eggs frying in the pan smelled like heaven. Her little nose twitched as the savory aroma tickled her nostrils making her stomach rumble and her mouth water.

Button looked up at Master with sad, imploring eyes, raised her paws just under her drool-slick chin, and whined quietly. The slight turn of his head told her that he had noticed her display, but he made a show of keeping his attention purely on cooking. She wriggled into a squatting position and started bouncing and whining just a little louder. Still he appeared to ignore her even as her panting increased and her little “teats” bounced in a way she knew he liked. She loved it when he ignored her, provided he ignored her in the right way. She would have been devastated if he truly neglected her, but pretending for the sake of their game was something else entirely.

When he acted as if he was so far above her that he couldn’t even be bothered to look down at his pathetic, panting, puppy it only made her want to try harder to get—to earn—his attention.

The slight grin on his lips was the first sign that she was finally getting to him. The next was the growing bulge in his sweatpants. She plopped down from the begging position and started sniffing around his foot. Button knew if she were a better puppy girl—a properly dirty one who really knew her place—she would have licked his feet without the slightest hesitation, but she still had a long way to go in some ways. She stuck to sniffing her way up his foot, to his ankle. She pressed her “snout” into knee and crept up his thigh.

“Down, Button!” His voice was light, but firm, with a slight tinge of tension.

Button grinned to herself and kept going until she felt his hardness pressing through the sweats against her inquisitive, sniffing nose.

“Down, Button!” His voice sounded a bit shaky. It wouldn’t be long before it sounded desperate. She’d make sure of it.

Button nuzzled him and breathed in his raw, heavy scent. Surrounded in him, she felt tension melt from her narrow shoulders as her heart simultaneously beat faster. He groaned above her as she rapidly rubbed her nose back and forth against him, and she knew that she was winning. Knowing that if she didn’t keep pressing her attack she’d probably get scolded instead of what she really wanted, she stuck her tongue out and began to lick him frantically.

“Button!” he practically choked.

A piece of bacon slid off the spatula and dropped to the floor. Master pulled away, leaving Button licking stupidly at the air.

“Bad dog!” He rebuked.

Button shrank down and whined. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the greasy piece of meat on the floor. It had been so long since she’d had the opportunity to taste food besides kibble and doggy treats. It had been even longer since she’d actually tasted food besides kibble and doggy treats. It took all of her willpower not to immediately jump on the bacon and gobble it right down. Even though it was just sitting there, practically begging her to go for it!

Stupid bacon! She pouted. First you get me scolded, and then you just sit there tempting me! Why won’t Master just pick you up already?

Button carefully looked up at Master who was in turn looking back down at her. To her surprise, he had a sly smile on his face, instead of the stern glare she had expected.

Oh, so you’re testing me are you? Well, I’ll show you!

Button sat back and fixed Master with a casual, haughty stare. She ignored the bacon entirely with her eyes, but her nose was a different matter. Her stomach gurgled loudly, but she remained as still as a statue.

Master chuckled. “Good girl, Button.” He patted her on the head and took the bacon out safely out of her reach.

She felt a pang of regret that she’d missed her chance to eat something yummy, but the pride of showing Master that she was well-behaved and getting praised for it far outweighed missing out on a mere shred of meat. The light pat on her head made her squirm pleasantly again and she looked back longingly at Master’s crotch. She wished Master would stay home with her.

Things like work, money, bills—people responsibilities—seemed further

and further away and more and more incomprehensible to her with each passing day.

After Master set his own place at the table he filled two sets of dog dishes on the floor. One pair consisted of two large, stainless steel bowls with the name “Zeus” emblazoned across each one in strong, black, block letters. The other pair was made up of two smaller, pink plastic bowls with the name “Button” written across them in wispy, white letters. Master filled one of each pair with fresh water and then filled the others with the appropriate food—high quality dog food for Zeus and equally high quality puppy chow for Button.

When he’d finished, Master unclipped the leash from her collar and said, “Bowl, Button!”

Button scurried to her spot in front of her pink bowls. She savored her momentary freedom during the short trip across the kitchen. There was no crate and no leash; there was just Master’s command to guide her. She’d been under such tight control for weeks and weeks even short moments of liberty were wonderful, but also a little scary. When Master was in total control of everything there was no room for her to make a mistake—no room to disappoint him. When she reached her spot in front of her bowls she breathed a sigh of relief. She was back safely inside her defined limits.

The sound of the kibble hitting the stainless steel bowl had summoned Zeus like always. He ambled up next to her and with his usual dignified expression. Master took his seat and started eating leisurely. Zeus lowered his face into his bowl, the crunching sound indicating that he was eating too. Button’s tummy grumbled again. She bit her lip and waited. When Master had first brought her home—as a puppy girl—she’d been “allowed” to eat at the same time as Zeus. After a week of nothing but puppy chow, however, Button had thrown a little fit and flipped her bowl when Master wouldn’t give her a share of his breakfast. In addition to a scolding and getting her tail warmed, Button got no food that day; and each day since then she had to wait until Zeus was finished eating before Master would give her permission, so that she might appreciate her meals just a little more. Like many things Master did, Button thought it was unfair, but she

had to admit that she did appreciate her puppy chow a lot more after she was forced to wait for it.

Her stomach gurgled and she found herself drooling as much as she had while Master was cooking. The scrape of the knife and fork from the table and the munching on the floor next to her were maddening. Even though it was top shelf stuff, the puppy chow smelled awful and it tasted worse—most likely by design. During break times, some of the other puppy girls at obedience school told her that she'd learn to love kibble, but that hadn't yet happened and she doubted that it ever would. Her motivation was hunger, not taste.

Master only fed her a cup of kibble at breakfast and a cup of kibble at supper—the exact amount recommended for a puppy girl her size—and an occasionally doggy treat once or twice a day if she was extra-good and extra-lucky, so she was always hungry. As Master and Zeus enjoyed their meal all she could think about was getting a mouthful of the light brown, heart-shaped nuggets. There was perhaps a time when her ambitions were a little loftier, but she didn't care to dwell on that.

Thank God Zeus has that big mouth! Button thought as the monstrous dog finally sat up and licked his chops. Her eyes shot over to Master who was still casually eating and looking at his phone. Oh, come on, Master, I'm starving! She wiggled a little, hoping the jingle of the tag on her collar might get his attention. Zeus glared at her, and Button, more famished than brave, glared back at him. Oh, shut up. At least you got to eat already! His hard, unblinking stare made her quickly break eye contact and sit still.

Master set his phone down. He sighed, scraped the plate for one final bite, dabbed his mouth with a napkin and then carefully folded it. He sighed again with the contentment of being full and finally looked down at her.

“Eat, Button.”

Ignoring Zeus' disapproving stare, Button plunged her face into the bowl. As her face went down her tail went up. Though famished, she remembered to eat just like a proper puppy girl should. She placed her paws evenly on either side of the pink, plastic dish. She opened her mouth wide to take in the biggest mouthfuls she could. She chomped and chomped rapidly while

she grunted and snorted, making her sound a bit like a little piggy, all while she wagged her tail to show him how grateful she was for the “privilege” of being fed.

The muddy, slightly-sour tasting food was gritty and dry. Her jaws ached halfway through from all the chewing, but she dutifully kept her face in the bowl even as she took breaks. She wondered if Master was watching her humiliate herself just for his amusement. She never knew if he did, but she wagged her tail a little faster just in case.

Zeus regarded the strange, nearly hairless puppy that his master had brought into the house with a combination of pity and disgust. He did not understand what his master saw in her. She was clumsy, smelled funny, and clearly not very bright at all. She struggled constantly with even the most basic of tasks. Just that morning he’d watched her struggle to even pee correctly!

He had always liked to take things at his own pace, and as he had grown older that pace had become far more relaxed. Ever since Button had come into the house, however, he’d been forced to take on some of the responsibility of raising the mischievous pup. He was happy that his master had at least reeled her in a little by crating her during the day. Before that she got up on all the furniture the moment his master left each morning and got her strange smelling wetness all over the cushions.

All he wanted to do was shuffle back to his old rug in the other room and take a nap, but instead he had to watch her. She did everything so slowly! She walked slowly, she did her tricks slowly, she sat up slowly, she lay down slowly, and she ate slowly!

He wrinkled his brow and huffed. The little mongrel was making him wait, but more importantly she was making his master wait. So, he resolved to hurry the small, flat-faced mutt along.

Button sighed and took her fifth break from eating. She wished that her fingers were free so that she could massage her jaw a little. She was just about to resume when suddenly she felt Zeus’ hot, wet, plank of a tongue

against her inner thigh making her flinch and gasp. With her backside involuntarily wiggling, she started to raise her head out of the bowl to protest, but a heavy, rough paw on the back of her head forced her back down.

Button whined and squirmed feebly. The compact bits of kibble pressed into her cheek made her wince. She waited for Master to call Zeus off, but he didn't. Button got the hint. It wasn't the first time she'd been warned about taking her "sweet time" during meals, but it was definitely the most forceful warning she'd yet received. Still whimpering, she opened her mouth and wormed her tongue around until it touched and retrieved the nearest morsel. She crunched on it loudly to show them both that she was eating again.

"Zeus, release!" Master commanded, and a moment later Button felt the crushing weight of the paw removed from the back of her head.

Button ignored the soreness in her jaw and the dryness in her mouth and quickly gobbled up the remaining mouthfuls. She sat back with a contented sign, feeling very accomplished for the second time that morning.

"Water, Button." Master commanded.

Button eyed Zeus warily. To her relief the big dog merely snorted and prowled off towards the living room. She lowered her head to the bowl and started lapping. Lucky for her she didn't have to finish the whole thing, and so she quickly drank her fill and sat back up.

Master ran a paper towel under the sink and tilted her head up towards him. "Who's my messy girl?" He chuckled.

Button panted and barked twice. I am! I am!

The simple act of him cleaning the kibble crumbs from her pale cheeks reminded her how helpless she was. She blushed. It was embarrassing and wonderful all at the same time to put herself entirely in his hands. Thinking about her vulnerable state while Master firmly, but gently wiped her off made her start to fidget again.

When he'd finished he said, "Alright, girl. Shower time!"

He clipped the leash back onto her collar and led her in the direction of the bathroom. Button panted and barked once to show her enthusiasm. Thoughts of finishing what she'd tried to start while Master was cooking filled her mind.

Morning Routine 3 – Shower Time

Button teetered ever so slightly as she squatted on the bathroom scale. Master insisted on weighing her every morning. He said that it was because her health was important to him, but she suspected that he just wanted an excuse to make her hold a humiliating position with her legs wide open. She stared down at the rectangular weight display and held her breath. The moment before the numbers flashed always seemed to take forever. She glanced up at the mirror Master had thoughtfully placed at her level.

It was still an odd, humbling experience to look at a mirror, even for just a split second. Whenever she saw her reflection, she still expected to see Sue Sharp, a young, independent woman, not Button, a young and very much owned puppy girl. The black paint on the tip of her nose and the “whisker” dots on her cheeks were slightly fading. It was nearly time for a touch-up. Her eyes darted back down past the light brown, fuzzy paw mittens binding her hands and the heart-shaped pasties covering her nipples to her tummy.

Have I gained weight? Have I lost weight?

“Still 92 pounds, good girl!” Master praised and ruffled her hair. After losing a few pounds at obedience school and in her first few weeks in Master’s home, her weight had finally stabilized just like Master wanted. Her healthy, but unappetizing diet and all the crawling had burned off the little bit of “baby fat” she had and made her skinny “front legs” and “hind legs” put on the barest trace of muscle while still maintaining an overall soft appearance.

Even though she knew that the only reason she had met her weight goal, and why she was the healthiest she’d ever been, was because of Master’s vigilance, she barked happily and shook with pleasure at being praised and petted. Master looked at his phone, presumably checking the time. Button felt her happiness fade a shade or two. Master would be leaving her for the whole day soon.

She hated missing him so much.

She hated needing him so much.

Master peeled off his shirt and dropped it on the ground next to her and started sharpening his straight razor on the strap he hung by the sink.

Button eyed the strap warily, remembering how it had felt the one and only time Master had introduced it to her behind.

It was her fault.

It always was.

She'd been warned plenty of times not to nose around his ankles while he was shaving, but she didn't listen, and her mischief caused Master to nick his neck. Never punishing her more than she needed to be, Master brought the strap down only twice on her upturned rump. Button bawled and bawled afterwards, not just because the strap really, really hurt, but because Master had called her a "bad dog" and she felt awful for making him cut himself. Preferring not to dwell on her mistake, instead she smiled to herself as she thought of what happened after the punishment when they made up and Master whispered in her ear "I know you can do better. I love you, Button."

Button sniffed at Master's discarded shirt. Master always gave her his shirt while he shaved to distract her and prevent her from getting herself in trouble again. It smelled strongly of his sweat and his deodorant, both of which she found calming. She'd never really cared for sweat, hers or otherwise, but when she was in the correct puppy girl mindset, there was something about Master's concentrated smell that she just couldn't get enough of! She buried her snout in the damp cloth and quietly murmured muffled doggy noises as she languidly swung her tail back and forth.

Sighing contentedly, she rolled onto her back with the shirt clutched between her clumsy, padded paws and watched Master carefully scrape the razor along his face, his arm and side muscles tensing slightly with each motion. When he'd finished he slapped on aftershave with a slight wince and started brushing his teeth. Button rolled back over onto all fours.

While the razor is away, the dumb little doggy will play! She thought devilishly.

She crept closer to him and clamped her teeth down on the cuff of his sweatpants.

Master kicked his leg, but not nearly hard enough to shake her off. Button growled playfully and tugged back.

Come on! Don't act like you don't want it!

Master gargled mouthwash and spit.

“Okay, that's enough, Button.” Master pulled his ankle free from her teeth and knelt down in front of her with a tube of toothpaste for puppy girls in one hand and a red toothbrush with a bent neck in the other. He sniffed her mouth and exclaimed, “Gross, doggy breath!”

Button stopped panting, retracted her tongue, closed her mouth, and glared at Master.

You try eating nothing but gross dog food and you see how fresh your breath is, jerk!

Master smirked back. “Come on, Button, open that pretty little mouth. I'm going to make it all better.”

She turned her face away stubbornly.

“Come on...” He coaxed. His voice was light and playful, but commanding as always.

She growled quietly in response while trying to prevent the corners of her mouth from twitching upward.

“Oh, so it's like that, huh?” He grinned and she looked at him coldly out of the corner of her eye.

Yes, it's like that!

She felt Master's fingertips brush against her belly and she stifled a giggle. Terribly ticklish, and not having all that much resolve as she really did want her teeth brushed, she giggled in the sort of wheezing way puppy girls did due to the threat of a shock from the collar for making an "unapproved human noise."

"That's better!" Master said and squeezed a liberal amount of dark green paste over the bristles of the brush. "Now open up or I'm going to get the dental gag."

At the mention of the gag, Button opened her mouth wide without hesitation.

She despised the dental gag, except for when she loved it! It made her feel so stupid to have to sit there with her mouth propped open, drooling, and even less intelligible than she already was. Wearing one was one of her least favorite parts of visiting the vet because it made her jaw ache and stretched her lips, but if she were in the right situation, she had to admit, it was fun when Master put it on her.

The faintly minty paste was less-intense than human toothpaste. Even though she was perfectly capable of gargling and spitting like a person, like most puppy-girl-products, the toothpaste was designed to reinforce the idea that she was just an animal. So, it was mild in flavor and could be swallowed safely. The soft bristles massaged her teeth and gums as Master gently held her jaw. When the brush hit her back molars she almost choked. Her unusually strong gag reflex was a problem in more ways than one.

It was such a simple act, brushing her teeth, but like being walked so she could "potty," and being fed, it made her feel so dependent and helpless. It reminded her how self-destructive she could be when she was left on her own and how grateful she was that Master had "rescued" her from herself. On command she stuck out her tongue and he brushed it, getting all those "smelly germs" out her "pretty mouth."

When Master had finished, Button licked her lips and enjoyed the faint sweetness of the toothpaste, while Master rinsed the brush and set it down on the counter. He pointed towards the walk-in shower. "Okay, girl, bath time!"

Barking happily, she scampered to the shower, stopping just short of entering. “Come on, give me your tail!” Master coaxed.

Button presented her behind to him and whined as she felt the plug being removed from her tightness for the second time that day. With it went the c-string that covered her puppy parts. She tingled and wiggled at feeling her nether regions exposed to the cool air of the bathroom. She closed her eyes and bit her lower lip. More than anything right then, she wanted to paw herself, but she resisted the urge, knowing that she wasn’t allowed without permission.

“Sit up, Button!”

Sitting back up, Master removed the pointy, light brown ears from the top of her head. The rest of her gear would remain on as was standard protocol for bathing a puppy girl at home. Even if she was a voluntary pet, she was only allowed out of the gear for vet visits and her weekly trips to the groomers, and even then only when she was properly “secured” on the exam table or in the stainless steel wash tub.

Finished with her, Master reached down to remove his sweats. Button bounced up onto her knees and bit the elastic waistband. She wanted him and she was running out of time. It was strange, before Master, before she’d had any kind of physical relationship; she’d masturbated to tame images in her mind of perfect weddings and gentle romance. Even after she begrudgingly began to accept her dirty desires—her need to be dominated and humiliated—she never really liked looking at men in porn, instead preferring to look at other young women and imagining herself in their predicaments as she furiously rubbed herself to orgasm after orgasm. Master, however, was not men, he was man, the man, the only man.

She wanted to see him—right then and always.

Button snarled and tugged his pants down bit by bit. Master made no attempt to stop her and simply smiled down at her as she dragged the sweats and his boxer shorts to his ankles. She struggled with getting them past his feet, growling louder and shaking with frustration, until the second

cuff came away from his heel and she tumbled backwards into a heap on the cool, vinyl floor with a yelp.

“Oh, are you alright, Button?” She heard Master say above her.

She was fine, but she whined and shook a bit from beneath the cover of his pants. He knelt beside her and lectured her in the way only he could, authoritative, overbearing, but laced with genuine care. When he spoke to her like that it had the same effect on her puppy parts as his fingers or a vibrator brushing them.

“What have I told you about messing around? You could have cracked your empty little head open!” He pulled the sweats away to reveal her mischievous, panting, grin.

“Woof!” Button yipped and scrambled back up onto all fours to see Master’s great big “knot” right above her. For some reason it was easier for her to think of it that way. Maybe it was her conservative, sheltered upbringing, maybe it was some other prominent influence in her life, or maybe she still had some lingering natural prudishness. She never did like thinking, let alone talking, in anatomically correct terms like “penis” or “vagina” or “intercourse” because they felt too detached and clinical. Nor did she care for thinking in terms like “cock” or “pussy” or “fucking” because they felt too crude. For whatever reason, thinking that Master was going to stick his great, big “knot” in her wet, little “puppy parts” and roughly “mate” her was just fine. Nice girls weren’t supposed to think about or want such things, but she wasn’t a nice girl, not anymore. She was just a little animal and no one would expect a little animal to be able to rise above her base instincts.

As she lunged at him, a part of her screamed Don’t, he hasn’t showered yet. This is icky! But she pushed that part—the part that was still Sue—the part that was a nice girl—aside, and instead thought Button doesn’t care! Button is icky!

Her nose pressed into the soft, warm, wrinkled skin where Master’s scrotum met his shaft. It was like burying her face in his shirt times a thousand. She was overwhelmed, barely hearing him gasp her name. He wasn’t right

where she wanted him, but she was getting him there. Button flicked her little pink tongue rapidly against his sensitive skin making him groan. The strong taste of him made her stir inside, even as the part of her that was still reluctant felt ill. She wished she could see his face as she busily lapped at him, feeling her heart beat faster as he groaned louder and her puppy parts grow hotter and wetter as he grew harder and harder.

Button moaned quietly as she licked her way down his whole length until she reached the thick, purplish head peeking out at her from the foreskin. She licked the tip once, tasting and feeling Master's stickiness. She looked up into Master's eyes, her paws rested on his bare, hairy thighs, the tip of his knot against her moist, slightly parted lips. He owned her legally. He was bigger and stronger than her even if she weren't hobbled in puppy girl bondage. He controlled every aspect of her life. Despite all that, in that moment he seemed powerless even as he towered over her while she knelt in front of him. It was odd and absurd.

Drunk on power and not waiting for his permission, she drew him into her mouth, feeling his slick, swollen head slide past her smooth, dewy lips and into her hot, drooly mouth. She massaged the bottom with her eager tongue making Master moan and twitch. Then slowly she began to bob her head back and forth, keeping her big brown eyes on him as she did. It was a challenge for her just to take the first few inches of him without gagging. She resolved that if she couldn't be like the really good puppy girls, and take her Master's whole knot, then she would at least try to make up for it with intensity. Her pace quickened until his face became a blur.

Master seemed paralyzed by her—his empty headed, little puppy girl. She loved it. It wasn't so much the control she thought she had. It was that Master trusted her to do something without his direct control. It was the feeling that she could show him how much she loved him with that little bit of freedom. He only seemed paralyzed, however.

Button gave a start when she felt Master's strong hands clamp onto the sides of her head. Being held still, Master's face came into focus again as she felt his fingers interlace with her hair. With her mouth still filled with him, they locked eyes. She could tell by his intense look that her playtime—her freedom—was over and that he was about to show her who was actually

in charge. Her heart felt as if it would beat out of her chest.

The rapid thumping was in-synch with the pulsing heat between her hind legs.

Holding her firmly, he moved her back and forth slowly and gently. Button looked up at him nervously. She knew that he was just warming up. She knew he would push her past her so-called limits. Inexperienced as she was, even when they made love—especially when they made love—it was still a time for her to be educated and trained.

The moment he went too far, she felt herself seize up and start to choke. Mewling, her paws pressed against his legs to push away. It was pointless. She was too weak to get away. Though they both knew it, Master grunted, “Put your paws behind your back!”

She looked up at him, still suckling on the head, with imploring, pleading, tear rimmed eyes.

He shook his head. He was red faced and breathing heavy. “You wanted this, Button.”

It took every ounce of self-control she had, but she did as she was told. Her paws trembled behind the small of her back. She repeated a little mantra she’d learned at obedience school to help calm herself.

Master knows best...Master will take care of you...Master knows best...

“Good girl.” He said and resumed moving her back and forth along him. Every few strokes he went ever so slightly deeper.

Button choked and felt tears start to run, but she dutifully and obediently didn’t try to stop him.

Master knows best...I asked for this...

He moved her faster and faster and deeper and deeper. Finally, as he pulled her into him, he thrust his hips forward, crushing her nose against his pubic hair. His thick head plunged into her tight, protesting throat. He growled

like an animal himself as a spurt of his seed shot out. Master's grip tightened on her hair painfully and then loosened as she gagged. The moment his control relaxed, Button recoiled, gasping and sputtering. Then the rest of his hot, sticky load squirted onto her rosy, tear streamed cheeks.

For a moment they both stayed where they were, panting in unison. Master's phone alarm brought them both back to their senses.

"Oh, crap!" Master exclaimed.

He should have been walking out the door right then. With no time for a shower he quickly returned Button's clip-on ears and tail-plug to their respective places before hustling her out of the bathroom past a bewildered looking Zeus and into her crate. He tossed a few chew toys in after her and slammed the door shut behind her before hastily refilling her water bottle. Then he hurried back towards the bedroom, swearing under his breath the whole time.

Button shivered in disgust as Master's seed began to cool on her sweaty, overheated skin. She wanted to wipe it off, but she knew she'd get scolded if she got it on her paws. Her puppy parts were still hot and needy under the c-string. Her little plan had backfired and had left her covered in cum and even hornier than before!

Master re-emerged from the bedroom tying his tie. Button whined and banged on the bars, hoping to get his attention.

Please clean me off!

Master didn't even give her a glance as he took inventory of his effects, checking for phone, badge, gun, etc.

Button barked pleadingly.

Please! I can't stay like this!

Master hurried over and touched the top of the crate and looked down at her.

“Gotta run, Button. Donna will be here this afternoon like always to take care of you. I’ll see you tonight. I love you, my little pup!” He winked at her.

Hearing the front door slam, Button’s heart sank. On a normal day it was lonely and boring in the crate. She missed Master already. She wanted to be cleaned. And more than anything she wanted the horrible itch between her legs to be scratched.

Jerk... at least he could have left his shirt for me to cuddle with...

The End

Overture to a Date Night



It was Saturday and that meant date night! Like so many things, Button found it difficult to abandon the cynical, “too cool for school” kind of attitude about things that she’d had when she still walked on two legs. She had to tell herself over and over that it was okay to be excited about a little outing—a break from Master’s house and the routine he so vigorously

enforced—the latter of which she still had to complete before the evening fun could begin.

The day started at the crack of dawn like always. Button worked up quite a sweat during her “walkies,” she bashfully made her “piddles and plops” while she squatted on trembling legs, and then returned home to the usual breakfast of a lukewarm bowl of water and a half a cup of dry kibble. Kibble...it wasn't just part of a complete breakfast. It was breakfast, every breakfast, everyday. Sure it was kind of boring, but it was also wonderfully reassuring. Master's apparently unwavering consistency always made her feel safe. It brought order to her chaos, and deep down she knew that's what she needed to thrive, even if it wasn't always easy to admit.

After breakfast on work days, Button would be crated to keep her out of mischief while Master was away, but on weekends she got to lie lazily at his feet while he read, watched TV, or played video games. Though it wasn't always a lazy affair for her, sometimes he put her to work. He'd send her to fetch him a securely packaged snack or a bottle of water in her mouth—neither of which she ever got to enjoy—sometimes he'd use her as a footstool until her thin arms gave out, and sometimes, the best times, she'd spend nearly the whole duration with her drooly, inquisitive muzzle in his crotch suckling on his great big “knot” until he flooded her wet, little mouth with his hot stickiness. Much to her disappointment, Master didn't seem interested in letting her play that morning, and instead ignored her that morning while he watched a boring WW2 documentary. Only occasionally did his hand drift down to pat her or scratch her behind her ears.

He's probably just saving it all for tonight! Nothing makes a man hotter than a world war...wait what?

Button smirked to herself, and passed the time by dreaming of what he might do to her later, each thought making her squishier and achier than the last. She desperately wanted to reach down and paw herself right there, but she didn't dare.

Bad puppy! She scolded herself. That belongs to Master!

The morning passed, and after Master had a quick bite of lunch for himself, he loaded Button into her cramped, little carrier, so he could drive her to her weekly “beauty session.” Though he bathed her himself every day—cleanliness was next to godliness after all—every weekend he took her to a state-licensed pet-groomer to “doll her up.” Besides it being the law to bring registered puppy girls in for inspections, it was convenient as the visit ensured that she’d look her best when he took her out in the late afternoon or evening.

Bouncing around in her carrier, which was secured in the backseat, Button felt the urge between her skinny hind legs again. She bit her lip and wiggled her hips as if she could shake away the arousal. She couldn’t, but she pressed her paws into the floor of the crate and glared at them—willing them to stay away from what she knew was Master’s. She didn’t feel like getting swatted and she definitely didn’t feel like a lecture about playing with things that didn’t belong to her. All she needed was to exercise a little self-control.

Yeah, because that’s what you’re known for isn’t it, Button?

The ride wouldn’t be that long. Once she was back under Master’s supervision, she wouldn’t have to control herself. He would be there to do it for her. That thought allowed her to be still for the rest of the car ride, but it wasn’t easy.

Button held her head high as she trotted into the groomers by Master’s heel. He had seen that the inside of her thighs were slick and she’d made a small puddle of her arousal under her in the carrier during the drive. After smelling her paws he had smiled and praised her for being a “good girl” for not playing with herself without permission. Button could see that he held a white, rectangular box under his arm. He never brought anything into the groomers with him other than her, so she was curious about what it might hold. She wondered if it might be some kind of present. Master wasn’t big on presents as he believed too many gifts made a spoiled puppy, and a spoiled puppy wasn’t good to anyone, even herself. But he was very good about remembering important dates like anniversaries, holidays, and her birthday.

While Master spoke to the receptionist, Button furrowed her brow and tried

to remember if there was an important date she'd missed. It was hard to remember what month it was, let alone specific dates.

A slight pull on her leash, brought Button out of her thoughts. She looked up and saw that Master was handing her leash over to a familiar and gentle hand. The hand belonged to Donna, the blonde, perky, and annoyingly full-figured pet-groomer. Donna had made a career shift and split her time between working with new admissions at the ComPet draft center and a neighborhood pet-grooming-station. It made the weekly checks far more bearable for Button. They could even be a little fun sometimes, assuming Button allowed it to be.

Button watched Master hand Donna the box with a wink and a smile. If Donna had something to do with it, Button assumed that the box must contain something "clothing" related, but the anticipation was still there. She always had mixed feelings about any "adorable" accessories Master put on her.

On the one hand, if he liked it, there was a far better chance that she might get "mated," but on the other hand she might not and she'd be stuck looking more ridiculous than usual. Of course, he'd enjoy it either way.

And that's all that matters, right?

Master knelt down and brushed Button's bangs across her forehead. "Be a good girl for Donna, Button. I'll be back to get you later."

Button licked at his fingertips and barked in response. She knew he'd be back for her, but it always helped when he said as much.

Once he was out the door, Button felt another little tug on her leash. "Come on, Button! No time for daydreaming. We've got a lot of work to do before your daddy gets back!"

Button blushed and followed meekly at the heel of Donna's candy pink high-tops. Out of everyone Button interacted with, Donna had the most ambiguous way of embarrassing her. Was there something wrong with her appearance, the puppy girl wondered. Why did she need so much work all of a sudden?

The grooming room smelled heavily of doggy shampoo, making Button's nose twitch a bit. The middle was occupied with a rectangular metal table with restraints at the corners, and a few hooks above to attach leashes and other restraints. There was a stainless steel tub with the same kind of restraints along one wall and a rectangular window down the opposite wall that allowed owners to watch the process if they were so inclined. As per usual, the tub was the first stop.

There was a steep ramp for larger puppy girls, so that they could easily be led into the tub, but for so-called "toy" breeds like Button, Donna simply dropped down, scooped up her front and back legs, and with a surprisingly deep grunt, picked Button up and deposited her into stainless steel receptacle.

Donna exaggeratedly wiped her forehead and exclaimed, "If I didn't know any better, I'd think your daddy was feeding you more!"

Button squirmed a bit and frowned back at her. My 'daddy' weighed me this morning! And I haven't gained a gram thank you very much. Maybe you need more gym time!

"Aw, don't pout! I was just kidding." Donna said and attached Button's leash to a hook above the tub.

Button stuck her nose in the air and gave Donna a sideways glance.

"Oh, so it's going to be like that? Well then I guess I have to do this!"

Donna tickled Button under her armpits. Button scrunched up and let out a stifled giggle that she'd learned to make, so that she didn't get shocked by the petsitter for making a human sound.

"There's my happy puppy!" Donna smiled and bopped Button on the nose before continuing her work. She placed a padded rubber restraint around Button's slender wrists before removing the light brown paw mittens.

Button waited to move her hands until Donna loosened them up with a quick massage. Button had learned that lesson rather painfully during her first grooming session. When Donna had finished, Button timidly uncurled her bone-white fingers. It was a strange sensation to open her hand fully and

then to curl it back into a tight fist. It felt deliciously forbidden, but she continued to do so while Donna stripped off her light brown paw booties, and then placed restraints around her ankles as well. The freedom to wiggle her fingers and her toes made her a bit lightheaded and dizzy, but the reassuring pressure of the cuffs kept her grounded.

“There now, safe and secure!” Donna announced with a playful swat to Button’s upturned behind, making the puppy girl yelp with surprise.

Button shot Donna a glance over her shoulder. She wondered when Donna was going to turn off the shock collar. It was against the rules, but given Button’s unique situation as a volunteer puppy girl and their relationship, Donna usually turned the collar off, so that they could “gab” a little about what had gone on during the week. Normally, Button would have hated to have made the effort, but being unable to speak most of the rest of the time had changed the way she looked at small talk. At the very least, with the shock collar turned off, Button could have asked what the hell was in the box.

Button whined and raised her chin to expose her collar to Donna. Donna looked at her quizzically. “What’s that, girl? Did Timmy fall down the well again?” She giggled.

You know, that’s even funnier the 100th time I’ve heard it...

“Aw, does Button want her collar off?”

Button shook in her restraints and barked in affirmation.

“Sorry, puppy, it’s going to stay on today.”

Button frowned and whined.

“Don’t make those sad eyes at me! I invented puppy dog eyes!”

Damn, she’s got me there...

“Speaking of which, let’s get your contacts out.”

Button curled her lip and presented her face. If there was one thing she was sure she couldn't get used to it was people messing with her eyes, but there was no getting around it. Fortunately, Donna was quick and steady as she always was. She was so quick, in fact, that she was able to have the old ones out and the new ones ready before Button really knew what was happening. When the first one went in, Button blinked rapidly, but she still couldn't see anything.

Stupid contact, am I having a stroke or what?

Donna held her still and popped in the other contact. Button blinked both eyes rapidly, but all she could see was...nothing. Button shook in her restraints and whined loudly. She'd had bad eyesight for as long as she could remember, but having her sight completely removed frightened her terribly.

Donna shushed her and patted her head. "Don't worry, puppy. They're just what we call 'blackout contacts.' You'll be able to see after we take them out. I promise!"

And that's supposed to make me feel better? I'm blind, you damn bimbo!

Button stopped shaking and hung her head. It was just another situation where her feelings didn't matter. She was temporarily blinded, there was nothing she could do to change that, and that was that.

Puppy girls are just happy to be, right?

Donna patted her more. "Who's a brave, little puppy? That's right, you are! You are!"

Button perked up a bit. She did like getting praised, even if it was for something so minor. The worst thing about the whole situation was that if Donna opened the box, Button wouldn't get to see the contents.

"Now that that's settled, who's a smelly, dirty little puppy?"

...Me?

“Come on!” Donna urged and scratched her under the chin. “Who’s a smelly, dirty little puppy?”

“Woof...”

“That’s right! You are! You are!” Donna ruffled her hair. “And who’s gonna make puppy smell all clean and nice? That’s right, me!”

After removing the nipple pads, pointy, clip-on ears, fluffy tail and plug, and c-string, Donna got to work. Button got all the usual treatments, body hair removal, which left her smooth as smooth could be, and she got cleaned inside and out. Though the prior was not all that fun, and was a little painful and really gross, Button relaxed in the warm soapy water and placed herself entirely into Donna’s soft, gentle hands. Without being able to see, her sense of touch had intensified. The feel of Donna’s slippery fingers against her inner thighs, her belly, and her hanging breasts made her shiver.

She wasn’t supposed to be having those kinds of feelings during bath time. Her cheeks burned as she breathed heavily through her nose.

“Oh, did puppy find something about her new eyes that she likes?” Donna teased Button’s clitoris with her middle finger making Button gasp. Donna giggled. “It does make things more-intense when you can’t see, huh? You should try it with a good pair of ear plugs too. Can’t see, can’t hear, all you can do is feel! I bet puppy would love that! Maybe I’ll mention it to your daddy...”

Button could barely hear her. All she could think about was the finger making slow, light circles on her delicate, sultry skin. Button’s mouth fell open and she panted loudly as her tongue lolled. She ground herself against Donna’s fingers and let out a pitiful noise.

“I think that’s enough of that.” Donna announced and withdrew her fingers.

Button whined louder and blindly wiggled her hips in a vain attempt to find something to rub against, while Donna emptied the tub and rinsed her.

“No more, whining, puppy!” Donna chided lightly. “Your daddy will take care of you later, I’m sure.”

He'd better!

After a quick blow drying and a careful, clumsy walk to the grooming-table, Button was ready to be “dressed.”

Though she couldn't see the paws mittens and booties being returned, Button could immediately tell that they were different. The paws, for instance, had what felt like sleeves, which came up to her elbow. Both were also considerably softer than her usual gear too, but still comforting in the restriction they offered. With her sight gone, and already being worked up, the smooth, satin texture made her whole body flutter. Next, she felt the familiar sensation of lube being rubbed on her anus. She braced for the plug. Her backside wagged involuntarily once it was back in place. Even though it still hurt going in and out, she felt unusual without it. Not only because of the absence of pressure, but because it represented another form of very intimate control over her.

Only Master—and my babysitter, I guess—decide when I get to make my plops!

When Donna attached the c-string onto the tail, Button felt something was off, and then when she felt the same pressure against her “puppy parts” she knew something was different. Button gasped as she felt something thick, unyielding, and well-greased sliding upside her tight little place. It went deeper and deeper inside of her until she felt it at the entrance to her cervix. Button contracted around it as Donna secured the big thing inside of her. Covered in a thin sheen of sweat, Button could not tell if it hurt more than it felt good, or if it was the other way around, or somewhere in between.

“There we go! Two hungry little holes down, just one to go.”

What do you mean, ‘one to go’?

Button had no time to ruminate on Donna's comment, before something tight and stuffy went over her nose and mouth. The leather straps securing it dug into Button's forehead and the back of her head. Something was propping her mouth open just enough to be uncomfortable. Then she felt another thick thing against her tongue. The bulbous thing didn't taste like she expected.

She'd prepared herself for a foul rubbery flavor, what she got made her contract even tighter around both intrusions in her burning lower half. It tasted like Master! Button ran her tongue along the bottom of it eagerly as Donna slowly pushed it inside of her very willing mouth. Button's gag reflex had greatly reduced with a lot of practice and training. Still, she struggled a bit with the last inch or so. Donna soothingly talked her down until the "knot" was in place, stuffing Button's mouth and filling it with Master's unique, soothing flavor.

"I bet puppy likes that, huh? Yes, she does!"

Button felt something around her midsection, suddenly growing very tight. "Okay, pup, I'm going to need you to suck in for me. We're going to give you a pretty, little waist!"

Breathing rapidly through her nose, Button involuntarily clenched down on all three knots inside of her as Donna pulled the strings on her corset tighter and tighter, until the poor puppy girl feared she might lose consciousness from lack of air.

"There we go. Wow, I would have said these were cruel and unusual punishments before, but if they can give a skinny little puppy like you this kind of shape, maybe I was wrong! Now, I want one!"

Ow, you can have mine!

Button sucked and squeezed in a daze as Donna busied herself tying ribbons, and applying finishing touches to her. She felt like a Thanksgiving turkey about ready to go on the table, absolutely stuffed. The finishing touch was a great big bell attached to Button's collar, which chimed merrily with each little motion she made.

Donna hefted Button off the grooming-table and guided her carefully through the door. Though Button couldn't see it, she was made-up in luxurious black pet gear, with dark pink, ruffled trim that matched the usual bows in her hair and on her tail that she usually wore. A black corset cinched her midsection down, making her look almost shapely—or at least as shapely as someone with her petite frame could. Over her mouth and nose

she wore a matching muzzle that was made to resemble a happy dog's snout, which secured the knot into her mouth. She didn't know it, but the whole ensemble was what the fashion designers had dubbed "the little black dress, but for puppy girls."



Button trudged along, the knots filling her made each step wonderful and agonizing at the same time. Donna kept the leash tight to guide her, and Button had to really move to keep up and avoid getting choked. When they stopped, Button strained her ears to hear what was going on around her.

They must have been at the front desk. Other puppy girls were being checked in and checked out. Owners and stylists were chatting casually and about business. Her heart leapt when Master's voice cut through the static.

“Wow, Donna, she looks amazing!”

“Oh, it was nothing...”

“No, no, you've really outdone yourself this time.”

“Well...just doing my part! Oh, I almost forgot, here is the remote for the extra attachments.”

“Thanks. Was she a good girl?”

“She was a little huffy at the start, but I think she's pretty pacified now, aren't you, Button?”

Button's cheeks burned. She hated it when they ganged up on her. She tried to reply with a muffled, “Woof!”

Donna and Master laughed.

“I guess she shouldn't talk with her mouthful, huh?” Donna added.

“Yes, we'll have to work on her manners a bit, I guess! Anyway, let's try it out.”

Wait, try what out?

Button heard the clicking of the remote, and then suddenly the three knots inside of her started vibrating. Button shook uncontrollably. She somehow was trapped between trying to push the horrible things out of her and on holding them inside. Her tired, frantic mind short-circuited and she found herself turning circles.

“Look, it's chasing its tail! How cute!” One onlooker remarked. Donna, Master and everyone else in the room laughed.

The hand on her leash suddenly became firmer. She was vaguely aware that Master must have taken it from Donna. With a sharp tug he stopped her from turning in pointless circles. Though she was moaning pitifully and struggling to move, Master guided her through laughter to the street after saying goodbye to Donna.

“Come on, Button, keep up!” He gave her leash another light tug. She groaned and picked up the pace. She felt herself building closer and closer to orgasm and she was glad that Master had taken her away from all those people. She didn’t want to “make cummies” in front of everyone, but just as she reached the top of the rollercoaster, the vibrating stopped.

“Ah, I see we were about to have the big O. Well, you can forget about that. The sensors embedded in the gear will detect when you’re almost there and shut all the fun down, that is, unless I turn off the sensors.”

With her puppy parts still contracting and retracting around the still, silent knot, Button groped blindly forward until her paws found his legs. She clung to them and whined loudly with her tail in the air, wagging desperately.

“I’m not turning them off, Button. They’re going to stay on for the whole evening. Consider it foreplay, but only if you’re very good. If you are, I’ll let you have the real thing when we get home—and that includes finishing. If you aren’t, well, maybe you can sleep in the new gear tonight and we’ll see about it tomorrow.”

Button whined louder.

No! No! No!

Master tugged the leash, making the bell jingle. “This isn’t a good start, Button. Now come on. We’ve got dinner reservations. Oh, and next time we see her, make sure to thank your little friend, Princess, for your new ‘outfit.’ It was a gift from her and her. Her master says that she picked it out all by herself.”

Button blinked back tears.

Oh, I'll get Princess for this, I'll—

Her plotting was caught short as the knots inside her started their terrible quaking again. She whimpered miserably and sucked hard on the fat thing in her mouth, Master's taste both calming her and making her lust climb higher and higher. Tears of frustration ran down her torrid cheeks. It took all her concentration to just put one paw in front of the other and follow Master to the car. There was no room for thinking about getting back at anyone. She'd just have to survive.

She was already peaking again.

It was going to be a very long night.

Trick-or-Treat

“Who is my cute little k-9 unit?” Master asked in a playful voice as he towered over her.

Button wagged her fluffy tail slowly, almost quizzically.

Let me guess, ME, right?

“Woof!” Button replied and wagged her tail a little faster. The motion made her more conscious of the plug crammed into her tight “tail hole.” Though she was mostly used to it, it still gave her the most peculiar feeling whenever she wagged her butt too hard.

“That’s my girl!” Master scratched Button’s ear in a way that made her want to kick her leg—so she did—then he lifted her off the grooming table and deposited her on the floor in front of a low mirror he’d placed there just for her. She gazed into the mirror at her reflection.

God, I look ridiculous. And that’s really saying something!

When she’d walked on two legs and still went by Sue Sharp, Button had always secretly wanted to dress up slutty for Halloween, but she had never had the courage, and she simultaneously had too much and too little self-esteem. Like so many things though she truly wanted to do, Master made her do it regardless of how much or how little she fussed about it.

In the matter of her Halloween costume, she’d chosen not to fuss at all.

Button blushed while feeling a little flutter between her hind legs at the sight of herself. While she always “dressed” slutty after becoming a full-time puppy girl, there was something about wearing the hyper-sexualized uniform of a cop that made it different. She didn’t know how, it just was. She still wore her normal pet gear, cream-colored, confining paw mittens over her hands, booties over her feet, pointy ears clipped to the top of her head, a fluffy tail plug up her little chute, and a rigid c-string attached to it

to cover her “puppy parts,” all of it in the style of an annoying, yappy Pomeranian. Master had added her Halloween costume over the top.

I'm a girl dressed like a dog, dressed like a stripper cop...is there some sort of Inception joke here?

It felt strange to wear clothing at all, if anyone could still call what he'd put her in “clothing.” For the spooky, slutty season, Button wore a dark blue police shirt that was too tight and only made it to the top of her midriff. On the back, in yellow block lettering were the words “K-9 Unit.” The front of the flimsy garment only buttoned at the very bottom, leaving her little breasts exposed, allowing them to hang down freely when she was on all fours, and framing them nicely when she wasn't. It gave the impression that her underdeveloped chest was bigger than it really was, which she thought was just fine. On her lower half she wore a matching dark blue skirt that flared out comically and left half of her bare rump out for the world to see. Her pigtailed hair was embellished with large, blue bows. Hanging from her collar was a plastic, gold-colored police badge done up in the shape of a heart that read, “Puppy-Officer-in-Training: Button” on the front, and on the back, “Property of Robert Jericho” followed by his contact information and a polite, but firm message, “Please return if found!” The tag wasn't really necessary. The permanent laser brands, one on the left side of her butt and the other on her lower belly, and the ear tag she wore clearly identified her, but it would make it easier for the average person to return her should she ever get lost.

Button looked up at Master and wagged her tail timidly.

Are you sure about this?

Master patted her head. “You look great, Button.”

I wish...well, if Master says so, it must be true. Right?

It was dusk, and Master and Button were the first to arrive at the neighborhood meeting point. Button restlessly padded back and forth next to Master's heel for the short distance her leash would allow to ward off the chill of the autumn evening and burn off the nervous energy she always got

before being taken out in public. As much as she hated to admit it, she was looking forward to spending some time with other puppy girls—her friends. Master had been so busy in the weeks leading up to Halloween that she hadn't had a play date in awhile, and she found herself missing the company of someone like her. The longer she stayed as a puppy girl, the more she found that she needed and even wanted the company of someone who shared her experience. Master was everything to her and often seemed to know her better than anyone, but he couldn't possibly fully understand what it was like to be at the end of the leash.

More superficially, Button was excited for candy. She had not tasted sugar since Master had fed her a morsel of wedding cake the day they'd gotten married. That was the last time she'd "lawfully" tasted sugar anyway. Desperate for a little sweetness, there had been a few times that she'd gotten into things—people food—that she shouldn't have. Of course, in that handful of cases she'd earned herself a red behind and an early bedtime with no supper. This would be one hundred percent "legal" candy, and Button couldn't wait!

When did I get so lame? God, I'm literally drooling.

Trinket and her owner, Ezra, were the first to arrive. Trinket, with her fine features, slender body, and soft brown hair, was the "poster pet" for a new mental health craze that encouraged young women with a myriad of issues to sign-up for special pet service as a kind of therapy. The idea sounded awfully fishy to Button. It seemed like just another way to get more unsuspecting girls into horrible, demeaning pet service. As with many things though, she reminded herself that a puppy girl isn't concerned with the big happenings of the wide world around her. She didn't have to think of those kinds of things anymore. All she had to think about was obeying Master and enjoying the privileges he allowed her.

While both masters exchanged stilted small talk—Button got the impression that they really didn't like each other much—Button and Trinket focused on their own business and greeted each other. Like Button, Trinket was in a costume within a costume with her similarly colored pet gear on first, and a ridiculous parody of a fire fighter's uniform over the top. The costume consisted of insanely tight, yellow short shorts with holes cut to

accommodate her tail and to leave her crotch uncovered. There were suspenders coming up from the waistband of the shorts that seemed strategically placed to cover Trinket's nipples, and basically nothing else. On her head she wore a miniature, red plastic fireman's cap between her pointy, clip-on ears. The most noticeable thing though was the black and white Dalmatian face paint.

Ha, you look sillier than I do, Trinket!

Trinket got a glint in her eye, suggesting that she might have been thinking the exact same thing back at Button.

After both puppy girls gingerly sniffed each other's backsides, they returned to face one another to lick at each other's noses and lips. Trinket's warm tongue slipped across Button's own and they both paused to make deep panting noises, which they'd both learned to do in lieu of giggling so as to not set off their pet sitter's shock collar for making unapproved "human noises." Button leaned forward to lick at Trinket again when she felt a slight tug on her collar.

"No, Button." Master said without looking down at her. "You'll mess up her makeup."

In the dim light, Button wasn't sure. There was a part of her that was afraid that Trinket's owner had decided to have her face tattooed in a Dalmatian print. She breathed a sigh of relief as Trinket licked her across the cheeks a few times before resting back on her haunches with a quiet sigh.

Master and Ezra were discussing the route they might take when the creak of a small cart's wheels announced Pepper's arrival. When Master had said that Pepper would be coming along, Button had wondered how the unfortunate "truncated" puppy girl was going to keep up with them on her stumps. To her surprise, Pepper sported new, almost jet black, fuzzy appendages that were shaped like the lower legs of real dogs. She seemed to be moving rather well, while towing a small cart behind her with the words "Puppy Postal Service" scrawled on the side in crooked and sometimes backwards letters. Pepper matched the cart and was dressed in a costume clearly inspired by a postal carrier's uniform. Like Button, she wore a belly-

exposing half shirt that left her breasts exposed and hanging down and a very tight, short, skirt on her lower half with a long slit up the back leaving room for her tail, both in an eye-catching red. As always, even though Pepper's mouth and nose was obscured by a black, dog-snout-shaped muzzle, it was clear to anyone by looking at her eyes that she was positively miserable. With her new legs though, she looked slightly less so. She wasn't slipping on her stumps like she used to and accidentally dragging her ample breasts along the ground like she was before, which wasn't much, but it was something.

The man holding Pepper's leash was one of the handlers from the FBP experimental division. Any time Button saw Pepper, she always had a different man holding her leash. It made her feel so sorry for Pepper. It genuinely made her uneasy when Master handed her leash to another person for even a short while. She couldn't imagine being passed around so casually.

The handler led her to Button and Trinket before saying hello and showing his credentials to the two owners. After a few moments, with a quick tug of her leash he commanded, "Greet, Pepper!"

Pepper looked up at the handler. Her defiant body language suggested that she was about to get herself in big trouble.

Trinket and Button exchanged glances. It was amazing how when regular conversation was impossible a single look could say so much. Without a doubt, both Button and Trinket seemed to be thinking the same thing. Why couldn't Pepper just be a good girl and do what she was told? Button caught herself having that reaction more and more as time passed. Whenever she saw a puppy girl having what Master called a "hissy fit" she used to always glare at the owner and think, "What did that pervert do to make her do that?" Over time, however, she would find herself glaring at the puppy girl and thinking, "What an ungrateful mutt! She should just do what she's told!" Like the "grown-up talk" of the Masters above her, she knew that it was better she not dwell on that seemingly unchallengeable shift in her mindset.

Nodding ever so slightly to each other, Button and Trinket turned around and presented their hindquarters to Pepper in an attempt to make things easier for the reluctant pup.

The handler chuckled. “Oh, Pepper, so we’re having one of our *difficult* days, huh?” He grabbed the sullen puppy girl’s head and drove her pointy snout straight into Trinket’s crotch making them both yelp—though Trinket yelped louder.

“Hey!” Trinket’s owner snapped. “Not so rough!”

“Sorry!” The handler replied. “Didn’t mean to...” He seemed to genuinely mean it.

When he seemed satisfied he did the same with Button, though at least she had the opportunity to brace herself. Button closed her eyes; the pressure of the hard, dog snout muzzle pressed the pesky c-string into her “puppy parts” making it rub delightfully against her sensitive, silky skin.

It’s just a greeting. It’s okay to enjoy it...you’re not nasty, well you ARE, but in a way that’s okay...

The pressure was taken away all too soon and Button and Trinket flipped around to return the favor. While Button politely waited her turn, she couldn’t help but notice in the harsh light from a nearby street lamp that Pepper’s rump was covered in red marks that could have only come from a training crop.

Oh, Pepper, I wonder what you did this time!

Button carefully sniffed around Pepper’s c-string and took care not to bump the marks. When they were both finished with the back end, Trinket and Button took turns licking at Pepper’s muzzle, since she couldn’t possibly lick back.

Having nothing but the vacant smile printed on the muzzle; Pepper’s ability to communicate was even more simplified than theirs. Button looked her in the eye sympathetically, at least initially, before narrowing her eyes to give

a disapproving look. Pepper, who had a defeated look in her eyes, narrowed them back as if to say, “He had it coming, bitch!”

The three pups were just about finished up with their little ritual when loud, happy barks and the bright jingle of a bell announced the last of their group, Princess and her frazzled owner, Joey. Princess bounded forward, her white paws practically glowing in the dim light, with Joey in tow, barely holding onto her leash.

She scrambled right past Button, Trinket, and Pepper and instead went straight to the two owners and the handler. There she bounced and whined for attention. The three men laughed and held out their hands. She eagerly licked them as she bounced in a lewd squatting position. Button felt herself bristle. Though she should have been used to Princess’ wanton behavior, she absolutely *hated* it when another girl made eyes at Master. He was *hers* and no one else’s!

With her jaw clenched she fought down the growl. There was no sense in getting shocked over Princess acting like a floozy.

Besides, it’s just fine for Master to do whatever he wants...

Button tried to comfort herself with part of a mantra she learned in obedience school, but she never could get past the idea that he belonged to her as much as she belonged to him. Not in a legal sense of course, since she was quite literally his property, but on a much deeper level.

“Joey,” Master said. “I thought we agreed on a costume theme for the girls, you know, service animals doing service...”

Button noticed Princess’ costume for the first time since she’d literally bounced into the group. She was wearing a black and white maid outfit, with copious amounts of lace trim and ruffles. There was even a little, lacy white cap on her head and a useless, white apron tied around her waist with the strings tied into a huge, prominent bow at the small of her back. As per usual, her midsection was squeezed in with a corset, making her ample chest look even more prominent.

Joey scratched the back of his head. “Yeah, about that...”

Ezra laughed. “You let her pick out her own outfit again, didn’t you?”

Pepper’s handler shook his head.

“Hey, it’s still service animals serving! She’s just doing it as a maid. Maids *serve!*”

Everyone, including Button and Trinket, but not Pepper, gave him a disapproving look.

“She wouldn’t leave the rack at the store after she saw it. What was I supposed to do?”

“Tell her ‘no’?” Master smirked. “Ah, what’s done is done. Come on, girls. Say ‘hi’ and let’s get moving before all the treats are gone.”

Joey was blushing slightly and he said in a voice that sounded more like a request than a command, “Come on, Princess, say ‘hello’ to your friends.”

Princess’ head snapped around so fast that Button swore she was Linda Blair. She scampered to where the other three pets were sitting. Once she was in the middle of the half-circle they made, she hesitated, her face darting from one to another and then back again. As always, Princess was as energized as she was indecisive.

Pepper made the mistake of making eye contact with her first, and with a happy, high-pitched bark, Princess bounded over to the cringing, cart-bound puppy girl. Princess put a paw on the back of Pepper’s head and forced it down so that her rump raised-up. Pepper howled into her muzzle as Princess licked her backside with gusto, seemingly oblivious to the red marks stretched across it.

Joey started to apologize to Pepper’s handler, but the man waved it away mumbling something like, “Ah, don’t worry about it. It’s good for her!”

Princess was just as vigorous when it was her turn to get her nether regions sniffed. She rushed to the front of Pepper, and without waiting for the

reluctant puppy girl to try to move, pressed her crotch right into the hard, snout shaped muzzle and rubbed herself against.

Button's mouth fell open. She looked at Joey who wasn't even paying attention to what his pet was doing.

If I did that, Master would spank me and take me right home! Why does Joey always let her get away with acting like this?

When Princess was finished saying "hello," Pepper's face, at least the parts that were visible, were covered with the happy pup's licks. Her left eye twitched with annoyance as Princess moved onto Trinket.

Trinket, always a people pleaser, or in this case, puppy pleaser, timidly raised her behind and presented it to Princess. She received the same busy tongue to her nether regions and then to her face when they switched around.

God, Trinket, try to grow just a little bit of a backbone, why don't you...

Button's nose twitched with Princess' familiar, pungent scent. It was odd to think, but Button reckoned that she could probably tell her friends apart by their smell as easily as she could their faces. She was privately kind of proud of developing that little skill.

It's very dog-like to recognize your friends by their smell!

Princess' hindquarters came closer and closer to her face. Button curled her lip.

It's not very dog-like to show disgust when your friend puts her puppy parts in your face!

It wasn't so much the puppy parts as it was their state. Joey had clearly been over-using the vibrator that was embedded in the white c-string that covered Princess' crotch. Princess' scent was very powerful and her juices had run down her thighs, leaving damp streaks.

Ew, and Master called me sloppy!

Button reminded herself that puppy girls love smelly, dirty things, or at least they were supposed to. As Princess pressed herself against Button's nose, Button reluctantly began to lick. She'd tried to be dainty and lick around the trails of Princess' arousal, but her tongue was soon coated in the rambunctious puppy girl's taste. Button shivered and Princess wagged her tail back and forth and barked happily.

Okay...that's enough, Princess...Come on, Princess...

When Button had finally had enough, she bared her teeth and nipped Princess on the inside of her thigh. It wasn't enough to draw blood, or even to bruise, most importantly it wasn't enough to set off the petsitter, which made sure that she couldn't do anything truly aggressive, but it was enough to make Princess yelp and back off.

After receiving a much more reserved sniffing of Button's backside, Princess eyed Button cautiously as they sniffed at each other's snouts.

That's right, bitch! Who's the alpha?

Princess gave her a mischievous look back that seemed to say. "It's still me, and don't forget it!"

With the greetings finally finished and the owners and the handler having worked out the route, the trick-or-treating could begin. Pepper's handler announced that they could put their candy buckets in Pepper's cart.

"She won't mind at all!" He explained.

Pepper's subtle eye roll said differently, but nonetheless they all placed their buckets and they were off.

The wheel of Pepper's cart creaked, and with the jingle of Princess' bell and everyone's ID tags, it sounded like a small gypsy caravan was making its way down the sidewalk in the cool night air.

Button was happy to finally be moving. Moving meant she didn't feel so cold. Moving also meant that she was getting a step closer to maybe getting

some candy. While he was getting her into her costume, Master had slowly and patiently described the “rules” of trick-or-treating as a puppy girl in a group. Basically, at each house the four of them would have to compete to see who would get the treat. The puppy girl who abased herself the most would get the candy. Button wasn’t at all confident that she had it in her to act more disgusting and pathetic than her puppy friends, but for the chance of tasting chocolate, she sure as Hell would at least try!

When they reached the first house, Master and the other men stood back and urged the four pets to go up the walk to the door. Button found it strange to be out in public and off her leash, even if it was for just a few paces. From their low place on all fours, the door seemed strangely intimidating. Even Princess appeared uncertain as they all looked at each other for guidance.

Ha! It’s the blind leading the blind!

Finally, with an especially irritated huff, Pepper crawled forward, the wheels on her cart creaking, and pawed at the door while whining. A few moments later the door flew open. A rotund man stood in the doorway dressed in the cheesiest Grim Reaper costume Button had ever seen, but she jumped and squeaked like all the others when he yelled, “Boo!”

He and the owners and the handler laughed at the silly, skittish pet girls.

I thought the Grim Reaper was supposed to be like a skeleton...you got a long way to go, chubster!

“Alright, pups! Who wants a nice, yummy treat?” The fat Grim Reaper asked. He held out a “fun sized” Kit Kat bar. The rustle of the package and the memory of tasting chocolate and sweet, crunchy wafer made her mouth water.

All four pups popped up into the begging position at the same instant as if they were all back in obedience school. All four stared intently at the package as they balanced on the balls of their feet, their hind legs spread, their paws in front of them, their tongues hanging from their open, panting, drooling mouths, and their eyes wide and pleading. All except for Pepper,

of course, the muzzle keeping her mouth hidden, she managed to make her eyes convey even more neediness than the others to compensate.

For long seconds the four of them bounced and begged. Button made the mistake of making eye-contact with the man, and that triggered sudden shame. It was like being in a dream and suddenly becoming self-aware of it. She wasn't an animal. She was a young woman who deserved respect and dignity. She deserved the right to make her own decisions. They all did. They shouldn't have been begging for a sweet morsel like pitiful, little beasts.

She felt a hot blush come over her whole body and reflexively felt her tongue starting to retract and her legs start to close. As she was ramping down, Princess was ramping up. Her whining became louder, drowning out Trinket and Pepper, and her bouncing became more vigorous. Her voluptuous "teats" bounced right along with the rest of her, and pulled the portly Grim Reaper's eyes to her. They made eye contact, but instead of making her back down, it only emboldened her. She shook herself frantically and crossed her eyes, while allowing a long string of her drool to drip off the tip of her tongue.

The chunky Grim Reaper smiled. "I—I think we have a winner!"

The Kit Kat was only the first of many tiny candies dropped into Princess' bucket. As they traveled from house to house, it got fuller and fuller. It wasn't just her bucket getting filled though. Trinket had the second most out of the four of them, and even Pepper managed to set aside her uncooperative spirit and get herself a few pieces. The only one with an empty bucket was Button. She hung her head low as she crawled with the others to the next house. She focused on Master's heel to ground herself. Why did she make eye contact with that stupid, flabby Grim Reaper? It ruined the whole thing. Now she was ping ponging between feeling like an utterly degraded young woman and feeling like a bad dog who didn't know her place.

Master must be so disappointed in me...

She looked up from his heel and saw that he was looking down at her. His comforting, stable, strong hand touched the top of her head as if to reassure her. He paused and let the others get a few steps ahead.

“Don’t worry, Button. You just need a little encouragement,” he mumbled down to her, winked and pointed the remote at her.

Button’s whole body went rigid as pleasing vibrations emanated from her heart-shaped nipple pads, the c-string covering her puppy parts, and the plug shoved up her tail hole. Master wasn’t inclined to put her into “in heat” mode that often. She suspected because he enjoyed watching her blush and struggle through the daily activities of a puppy girl. When she was turned on, and her brain was shrouded in the pink haze of arousal, she found everything about the life and the often humiliating and sometimes gross things she had to do far more palatable, even attractive if he had her really going.

“There’s my good girl. Now, let’s try again. Okay?”

Button trembled, and not from the cold. She looked up and managed a weak, uncertain “w-woof” and they trotted to catch up with the others. It was a block before they reached the next house. Button panted loudly and crawled shakily. The game of ping pong in her mind was over. The haughty, degraded young woman had walked away from the table. All that remained was the puppy girl and she was too busy chewing and drooling on the ball to care or notice.

Before the owners took them off their leashes to send them up another walk to another door, Button wagged her tail slowly, trying to cope with the building, intense need inside of her. Both her lower holes clenched. Her puppy parts at nothing, and her tail hole around the plug. The other three were looking at her. They all had to know her state. Even if they weren’t looking at her, her scent surely gave it away, but Button didn’t care. Wasn’t she just as entitled to have a little brainless bliss? So what if it was harder for her to get there?

The walk to the door felt longer than it should. Button could feel her juices escaping the edges of the c-string and running down the inside of her

thighs. And she didn't care about that either. She *didn't* care! Before anyone else could, she crawled right up to the door and started pawing at it. She wagged her inflamed backside at the others more as a reflex than to taunt them. The door opened and Button stared up at a middle-age couple dressed as Gomez and Morticia Addams. They looked like they were both about to start some dumb shtick, but Button was too frenzied to wait. Without returning to the line with the others she popped up into a wide-legged squat and started begging.

The couple chuckled and looked down at her. They said something to Master about her being "very eager" but she couldn't really hear them through all the blood rushing in her ears. She could feel their judgment while they looked down at her with the most patronizing expression. She could feel the shock from the other owners and their pets at her sudden change in behavior.

I am a dirty dog! I am a dirty dog! How do dirty dogs say 'hello' when they meet people? How do they show they're friendly?

Button strained to get as high up as her restrictive gear would allow her and stuck her face right in front of Gomez' crotch. Other knots, by Master's rules, were off limits to her, but she could still show everyone that she was the dirtiest dog. She latched onto his leg and started humping it. Caught up in absolute lust with no particular object she just wanted to feel sensation.

"Gross!" Morticia exclaimed. "Hey!" She called to Master. "Tell your mutt to get off my husband!"

Button snapped her head towards Morticia in mid-hump. She barked once, scrambled off Gomez's leg and then plunged her face through the long slit in the woman's black dress and to her crotch. Other knots may have been off limits, but she could be as "polite" as she wanted with other girls, regardless of if they walked on two or four legs.

Button lapped at the crotch of Morticia's lacy black panties making the woman issue a combination of moans and outraged noises.

Who's gross now? Ha! You should be down here with the rest of us!

Every time her dignity threatened to get in the way, the buzzing between her hind legs silenced it just as Master's large hand clapped over her mouth silenced her when she was being noisy during mating time. The gasps of the lady, the laughter of the men, including Gomez, seemed far away as her neediness built and built. She grabbed the waistband of the panties and tried to yank them down, but she was suddenly pushed away with a loud, firm, "No!" from Morticia.

Out from under the skirt and on the welcome mat, Button looked up. Gomez smiled at her, Morticia scowled as she awkwardly adjusted her underwear. Button thought about going after her again, but frantic as she was, the word "No!" made her cower and think twice. She scrambled up and tried to think of what else she could do to outshine her still motionless puppy friends. She was dripping on the welcome mat, she was so wet and leaky.

Good puppies always clean up their messes!

She hesitated for a moment, with her face halfway down to the small puddle she'd made, but then the vibrating intensified and the hesitation melted away and so did she. Button gagged a little when her tongue touched the mat.

Good puppies ALWAYS clean up their messes!

She wagged her tail and lapped and licked. Never mind the taste of dirt mixed with her love sap, she was a dirty dog, that's what dirty dogs did! Nothing was too far below them! When she finished she popped back up, only to notice that she'd made another puddle while she was cleaning up the other. She furrowed her brow and started to lower her face to clean the second one.

"Ha!" Gomez stopped her. "We'll be here all night if you keep this up, *Officer-in-Training: Button!*" He produced a king sized chocolate bar and held it under Button's nose. She sniffed it and shook with utter delight.

Oh, God! I want it! I want it!

She wasn't sure if she was thinking of the chocolate, or Master, or both. She wasn't sure about anything.

"You're not actually going to give it to that disgusting mutt are you?" Morticia huffed.

"Well, she was the *friendliest*."

"You're an asshole!" Morticia stormed back into the house.

Gomez petted Button. "Don't pay any attention to her, Button. You're a good dog." He looked over her head at Master. "You've got quite the little pup here, buddy!"

Master thanked him with a polite nod. The sound of the large chocolate bar hitting the inside of Button's empty-bucket was the most satisfying thing she'd heard in a long time. The wide-eyed stares of her friends didn't bother her. The low hum between her legs ensuring that while she wouldn't be able to reach orgasm, she would be kept in the lovely haze that made her immune to judgment, even if that judgment was probably—definitely—justified!

Wagging her tail slowly back and forth, Button followed Master away from what she'd learned was the last house on the route. Soon after, she said good night to all her puppy friends and Master helped a very tired little Button into her crate in the backseat of the car.

"I'm very proud of you, Button." His fingers played with her damp, sweaty bangs. "You showed off just how good of a little doggy you can be."

Button squirmed sleepily. Master's praise was better than all the edging that she'd gotten.

"But you know..." He said. "I really shouldn't let you have this." He held up the big chocolate bar.

What?

"Chocolate isn't good for dogs you know..."

WHAT!?

“You should see the look on your face!” Master grinned at her. “Tell you what...You can have one square tonight while we watch a scary movie, and then if you’re extra good, I’ll let you have one square after dinner on each Sunday from here until you’ve finished the bar. How does that sound?”

He talked as if she could actually answer! He talked as if she could actually answer *and* disagree!

Button scowled all the way home.

The End